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WORLD DOMINION
and
THE WORLD TO-DAY

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MEMORIAL NUMBER

to

THOMAS COCHRANE

M.B., C.M.

TED IN GREAT BRITAIN

"He shall speak peace unto the nations: and His dominion shall be from sea to sea."—Zechariah 9:10

World Dominion and The World To-day

An International Review of Christian Progress

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The next issue will be published on May 1.

Annual subscriptions (six issues), 10/-, post paid. Single copies, 1/6 (1/8 including postage).

The Journal can be obtained from W. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls, ordered through any newsagents or from Founder's Lodge, Mildmay Park, London, N.1.

The Trade can be supplied direct from Marshall, Morgan and Scott, Ltd., 33, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4, or from Horace Marshall and Son, Temple Avenue, E.C.4.

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A Biographical Note

THOMAS COCHRANE, M.B., C.M., was born in Greenock, Scotland in 1866. He began his career in business, and as soon as he was able to do so he started to study medicine. He went out as a medical missionary under the London Missionary Society to Mongolia in 1897. In 1901 he went to Peking, where he was Acting Physician to the British Legation. In 1904 he founded the Union Medical College, Peking, of which he was Principal from 1906-1915. He was medical consultant to various legations, the Imperial Maritime Customs and the Chinese Government. From 1908-1916 he was Secretary of the London Missionary Society Advisory Council.

In 1923 he founded, and became editor of, the magazine *World Dominion,* and in 1924 became a trustee of the newly founded Survey Application Trust, which was better known as the World Dominion Movement. When he published the *World Christian Task* in 1926 he started the idea that later was to develop into the present *World Christian Handbook.*

In 1930 he founded the Movement for World Evangelization at the Mildmay Centre, North London.

Before editing *World Dominion,* he was editor of *Conquest by Healing,* and *Occasional Papers* (London Missionary Society). He was author of *Survey of China and Atlas of the Provinces of China* (showing missionary occupation), 1913; *Survey of Medical Education in China; Handbook of L.M.S., China; The Quest of Cathay* (1918); *World Need and Missionary Strategy* (Carey Lecture); *Missionary Survey as an Aid to Intelligent Co-operation in Foreign Missions* (with R. Allen), 1920; *Heath's Anatomy* (translated into Chinese, 1909); *Practical Anatomy and Morris's Osteology* (translated into Chinese, 1910); *Basic Principles in Educational and Medical Missionary Work* (with F. E. Hamilton).

He married first Grace Greenhill, who died in 1930. There were three sons of this marriage, who are all doctors. In 1935 he married Edith Garstin Ervine, who survives him.

He died at his home in Pinner on the 7th December, 1953.

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THOMAS COCHRANE

WORLD DOMINION

and

The World To-day

An International Review of Christian Progress

Vol. XXXII. No. 2 **March-April, 1954**

In Memoriam

THOMAS COCHRANE, 1866-1953

The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Worcester

IT is fitting that this number of *World Dominion* should be a memorial to our beloved old friend, Dr. Cochrane, who died on the 7th December, 1953, at the age of 87.

The following pages deal with the many activities of Dr. Cochrane's life, and tributes are paid to him, coupled with a deep thanksgiving to God for the gift of His servant to the Church; his outstanding medical missionary work in China, his research into overseas problems, such as the unoccupied areas in mission lands, and the growing young Churches and their future, his founding of the Survey Application Trust and World Dominion Press, and later of the Mildmay Centre.

He felt that Christians in their churches ought to be given greater responsibility and an active indigenous ministry of their own. He expressed himself strongly along these lines, and when he republished Roland Allen's book, *Missionary Methods: St. Paul's or Ours?* considerable attention was given to the subject. Dr. Cochrane had seen something that the Churches needed, but in those early days only small steps were taken in the devolution of responsibilities from the foreign missionary to the native people. To-day the situation is very different. These younger Churches have come into their own, with the result that we find among Chinese, Japanese, and in other Asiatic countries, as well as most parts of Africa, bishops, clergy, and ministers of many races as the leaders of their Churches. This is true now of most of the denominations throughout the world. It is therefore interesting to note that, while committees and boards were debating the subject with no small fears and with fervent sincerity, though often in opposition to the things for which Dr. Cochrane stood, he was a pioneer in missionary policy, perhaps ahead of his time, but his visions seemed always to point him to the coming of a Kingdom where colour bars would disappear in the unity of races within the one Church.

The secret of this medical missionary was his dedication to God. There had come a time in his life when the vision of Christ as his Saviour and Lord had brought him to his knees in a surrender that for the rest of his life made Christ the centre of everything. To understand Dr. Cochrane we ought to sum up for ourselves the difference Christ makes in a human life that is yielded to Him and to His will. Dr. Cochrane's simple faith carried him through many obstacles, but he went from strength to strength in the faith that what Christ had done for him He could do for all men who give their lives to the Saviour. It was this faith that spurred him on and gave him initiative and vision. It accounted for his early missionary zeal as well as his bold programmes in missionary strategy in his more mature years. He never lost his evangelistic fervour. He had been won for Christ and he ever sought to win others. This was the secret of his campaigns, especially in London, where he endeavoured to make the city ring with the message of the Gospel. His vision seemed to grow clearer as he grew older, and his theme, always kept before him, was the old apostolic message, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It is the power of God unto salvation." People often disagreed with his policy, but patiently he explained himself. He sought to make Christ known to everyone, whether they were British or Indian, Chinese or African.

Dr. Cochrane made a careful study of different missionary societies, and in the end he came to the conclusion that there were too many organizations, and he tried to draw the smaller ones into some sort of federation or unity that would give strength to their cause. He was not in any sense ecclesiastically minded, but his own faith, rooted in the Gospel, seemed to give him an answer to his many problems. The reunion movement did not stir his imagination seriously, but his personal love for the souls of men would lead him to immense action, and he would forge ahead, whether the Churches in their official capacity agreed with him or not. His wide sympathies and friendships gave him links with all the world. He might well have said with John Wesley, "The world is my parish."

Throughout his life he was an inspiration to many thousands of people from different parts of the world. I believe that our truest memorial to Dr. Cochrane is to be found in our seeking a like dedication of our lives to Christ, for it is surely true of him as of the great apostle that his life was hid with Christ in God. We need such men desperately to-day, who will burn their bridges behind them and go all out for the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

I had some lines sent to me recently from America, which sum up so much of what I feel about my old friend:

> I am standing upon the seashore. A ship spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, "There! She's gone." Gone where? Gone from my sight —that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her

diminished size is in me, not her, and at the moment when someone at my side says, "There! She's gone," there are other eyes watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!" and that is dying.

Dr. Cochrane has left us for another world across the ocean of time. He hears the call, "Well done, good and faithful servant." We are bound in a fellowship of sorrow and of sympathy. We pay our tribute of honour to one who in his early manhood, under the command of Christ, went forth, a herald of the Gospel, a skilled physician who crossed many frontiers and encountered many hardships for the name of Christ. We pay our tribute to him who has passed over his last frontier on a new adventure, who in the faith of Christ finds his safe-conduct through the unknown path into his Master's presence. We are indeed the poorer for his passing because we were made richer by his presence among us and his service for us. To-day we glory in the grace of God. We rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, with one who delighted to say, "I am by the grace of God what I am." The breeze that carried the ship across the ocean blows back to us by the winds of God the inspiration of our brother's gallantry and grace. For him the trumpets sound on the other side, and for us the call still rings in our hearts, "Go forward. Fear not; I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

* * * *

Not merely in the words you say,
Not only in your deeds confessed,
But in the most unconscious way—
Is Christ expressed.

For me, 'twas not the truth you taught,
To you so clear, to me so dim,
But when you came to me you brought—
A sense of Him.

And from your eyes He beckons me,
And from your heart His love is shed,
Till I lose sight of you and see—
The Christ instead.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

A memorial service for Dr. Cochrane was held on Monday, January 18th, at 6 p.m., in the Livingstone Hall, Westminster. The hall was well filled with a congregation which represented a cross-section of the missionary and evangelistic interests with which Dr. Cochrane had been associated throughout his life. The service was conducted by Mr. A. Lindsay Glegg, of the Movement for World Evangelization and opened with the reading of Dr. Cochrane's favourite psalm 91 by his son, Dr. Thomas S. Cochrane. Prayer was offered by the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Wilson Cash.

After the singing of a hymn, *Ten thousand times ten thousand,* there were two brief accounts of Dr. Cochrane's early life in China; one was from Dr. J. Preston Maxwell, who served with him in the Peking Union Medical College and who spoke of Dr. Cochrane's great abilities as a doctor and the appreciation in which his services were held by the Chinese Imperial Court and the legations, as well as humbler folk. The Rev. Nelson Bitton, a former foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society and a fellow-missionary with Dr. Cochrane in China, spoke of Dr. Cochrane's work for the London Missionary Society in China some fifty years ago—his ceaseless travel often in circumstances of great discomfort and his eye for what was and what might be in China, and his early association with Sidney J. W. Clark.

A Scripture reading by the Rev. W. H. Russell, of the Mission to Lepers, and a hymn followed, after which there were two tributes to Dr. Cochrane, from Sir Kenneth Grubb, who spoke of his association with Dr. Cochrane in the work of the Survey Application Trust, and from Dr. Robert G. Cochrane, who spoke more intimately of his father as he had known him through the years in family life and in the more public work to which he had given himself. (The substance of these two addresses will be found elsewhere in this issue.) Dr. Charles W. Ranson, of the International Missionary Council, led the meeting in prayer, and, after a hymn, Mr. Lindsay Glegg summed up with a brief characterization of Dr. Cochrane as he had known him in his later years.

The meeting concluded with the singing of *Jesus shall reign,* and the benediction by the Rev. Maxwell O. Janes, General Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

TRIBUTES

From the Rev. A. M. Chirgwin, D.D.

for many years General Secretary of the London Missionary Society

Tom Cochrane, as he was known to all his friends, was born at Greenock, on Clydeside, in 1866, and became a member, while still a schoolboy, of the Evangelical Union Church, one of the keenest missionary and evangelical denominations in Scotland. He made no secret of his intention to be a missionary, and no one was surprised when, after a brilliant record at Glasgow University, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society and was appointed as a medical missionary to Mongolia. When Cochrane and his wife arrived there in 1897 living conditions were definitely primitive, and medical work, at least of a western kind, unknown. But to start from the beginning was just what he wanted. " I've been opening some new places," he wrote. " The policy may be right or it may be wrong; perhaps it is dictated by ambition. But a man must have some go in him or he'll shrink and mummify." On his return to the field in 1901 after the Boxer Rising he was appointed to take charge of the medical mission in Peking.

Cochrane was one of the first to realize that the Boxer Rising marked the end of an era, at least as far as medicine was concerned. Up till that time medical work had been conducted in semi-secrecy; indeed, Cochrane's first operating theatre was a half-derelict lean-to shed. But he knew that the way was now open not merely to do medical work but, what was vastly more important, to train Chinese as Christian doctors.

A Chinese medical profession, Christian from the start, became his all-absorbing passion. He soon showed that he was a thinker and an organizer as well as a surgeon. The letters that he wrote at this period show that he was trying to persuade his fellow-medicals in North China to combine in a great medical teaching institution. He knew that if missions did not do this, sooner or later the Chinese Government would, and the chance would be gone for ever of building up a medical profession on Christian foundations. " If medical missionaries in Peking," he wrote, " would join in a grand educational scheme, they might do work of such a quality that the Government would not be tempted to found another college. . . . The first object of such an institution would, of course, be the training of Chinese to be medical missionaries." Other missions joined in the discussions

but, in spite of Cochrane's enthusiastic advocacy, the proposal did not take shape.

That did not damp his ardour. In point of fact the result was that he formulated an even more ambitious and comprehensive scheme. As one of his London Missionary Society colleagues said of him, "It is difficult to argue with a man who has such a sense of divine vocation." The medical school that he had set his heart on building must, he said, have three features. It must be emphatically Christian; it must be of high academic standard; and it must be united. Gradually he gained support for the project, while a service that he rendered to a member of the Imperial family, in dire need of medical assistance, secured the goodwill of the Dowager Empress herself as well as a generous personal contribution from her. With that backing Cochrane went ahead with renewed energy, and before long the Peking Union Medical College was a reality. Writing shortly before its opening a colleague said, "Cochrane long ago determined to make the College the best in China, and he will stick at no sacrifice to accomplish that end. It is no mere hobby with him but a divine commission." At a later stage the college received substantial grants from the Rockefeller Trustees, which enabled it to become the foremost institution of its kind in China.

The college was hardly established before Cochrane's restless and pioneering mind was turning to other spheres. He was an evangelist as much as he was a doctor. In his early Mongolian days he had written: "I am here to bring the greatest possible number of people to Christ in the shortest possible space of time." It was this evan gelistic urge that led him to enquir whether the Christian forces i China were distributed in the wa best calculated to achieve thei evangelistic purpose. With this i view he began making surveys c the way in which the L.M.S. wa occupying its field and advocatin an overall strategy. He urge this with such success that th L.M.S. decided to set up a Advisory Council in China wit Cochrane as its first secretary. Bu in Cochrane's mind that was onl a first step. As he saw it it wa not enough for one society to vie its work as a whole; every societ should do so. He according threw himself with characteristi ardour into the movement for mis sionary co-operation that eventu ally resulted in the creation of th National Missionary Council c China. This was the second phas of Cochrane's missionary career— survey and co-ordination.

But it was soon to give place t a third, viz., the centrality of th indigenous Church. Before he ha been Advisory Council Secretar for two years he was writing home "I mean to resign the A.C. Secre taryship. I am more convince than ever that this is the right ste An expert on the Chinese Churc should take up the work at th earliest possible moment." B 1915 he had ceased to be a mis sionary in the field and was bac in London, acting as Secretary c the L.M.S. Laymen's Movemen kindling people's minds about th world parish of the Christia Church, advocating schemes of co ordination among the various mis sionary societies, and chafin against their lack of vision an slow response.

He thought in terms of the whole world mission, and he spoke with the authority of a statesman joined to the passion of an evangelist. It was at this stage that a new concern began to take a foremost place in his missionary thinking. He hinted at it in the letter, already quoted, in which he said that his successor in the Advisory Council Secretaryship should be "an expert on the Chinese Church." Cochrane saw, long before most others, that the future of the Christian movement in China lay not with the missionary societies but with the indigenous Church. He saw that the planting and building up of the Church was the most important element in the whole missionary movement. This deepening conviction led him into closer and closer contact with Sidney Clark and Roland Allen, and for a time estranged him from the missionary societies who seemed to him so purblind and slow moving. He retained, however, his position as an Honorary Director of the L.M.S., and as the years passed he resumed a more active part in its affairs.

From the Rev. Alexander McLeish

Survey Editor, World Dominion Press

The passing of Dr. Thomas Cochrane, at an advanced age, marks the end of an epoch in the world missionary enterprise which may be described as a time of transition and readjustment of the ideas governing that enterprise. His view of missionary strategy was consistent from the beginning. He put evangelization first; not that which depends on the "foreigner" and his methods, but the evangelism which was the effective witness of the convert to his own countrymen. This led to the development of the idea of the inherent rights of the worshipping group so called into being. Evangelism was an essential means, but the *objective* was always to create the indigenous, self-propagating Church. Under the influence of the Rev. Roland Allen this method came to be called "Spontaneous Expansion," which has been shown to have been, and still to be, the only way in which the Church is ever likely to evangelize the world. The increasing acceptance of these ideas was largely due to the activity of Dr. Cochrane in season and out of season. I have never met a man so possessed by one idea.

I first met him about fifty years ago when he was on furlough from Manchuria, which he was spending in Greenock, his native town. We had some talk then along the very lines he later developed. In 1921 I spent some time, while on furlough, in the Tudor Street office in discussion with Mr. Clark, the Rev. Roland Allen, and Dr. Cochrane. They formed a remarkable group, and to hear them day by day hammer out the ideas which possessed them with keen logic and abundant charity was itself an education. This was followed by a visit by Dr. Cochrane to my station in India with the question: "Does this station-church set-up promise to be the way to evangelize India?" We decided that it did not. This growing acquaintance led eventually to my being asked

to join the "World Dominion" group on a permanent basis. This I was able to do in 1926; from which date I worked in intimate association with Dr. Cochrane, sharing his hopes and difficulties and seeing him at his best. He had a generous and liberal outlook which made it a pleasure to join with him in the various schemes he continued to produce. These schemes had the twin object to lead the Christian public to feel its missionary obligation and to impress upon the younger Churches thei duty to witness, and to build thei churches after their own patter and under the leadership of th Holy Spirit.

Although for some time he ha felt the burden of years, he neve spared himself. His indomitabl spirit pressed him on under a circumstances always to emphasiz the *urgency* of world evangelizatio and the indigenous and spon taneous development of the Chris ian Church.

From the Rt. Hon. David Gammans, M.P.

Assistant Postmaster-General

In any age the death of a man like Dr. Cochrane would be a tremendous loss: at a time when religious faith is as low as it is to-day that loss is irreparable.

His was a dedicated life. In a sense it would seem that his work in the Far East had been destroyed before his death, but to say that is to ignore the eternal verities of the Christian faith. Much of what he did and what he taught will be strengthened by the furnace through which Christianity is nov passing. He was a man whos simple faith and sterling persever ance made one realize that it i upon these qualities and not o their material results that the tru progress of man is based.

I had known Dr. Cochrane fo many years and shall always deer it an honour that he wished to se me just before he died. It was m great loss that this meeting did no take place.

From the Rt. Hon. Viscount Stansgate, D.S.O., D.F.C.

It was in the field of foreign affairs that I was so fortunate as to make Dr. Cochrane's acquaintance. He inspired at once a deep respect. This was due not only to his great age and experience, set off by a matchless youthfulness of spirit; not only to his long life o ungrudging service; this respec was due to the fact that in inter national relations Dr. Cochran saw the Christian faith as th central fact—the World Dominion

From his son, R. G. Cochrane,

M.D., F.R.C.P., D.T.M. & H.

The name of Thomas Cochrane ill go down in missionary history long with the great pioneers of the aith, and others will write and escribe in better terms than I can hat my father's contribution eant in relation to the extension f God's Kingdom, not only to the issionary enterprise, but to the hole Church of Christ.

In this note of appreciation, which or me is a privileged but extremely ifficult task, I will try and see my ather's life through the eyes of his amily. How honoured we are, for n the first place we had a father ho from the earliest days showed devotion to his Lord and a simlicity of faith which was the very oundation of the family tradition hich he built. It was his childike faith which he unconsciously nculcated into the life of the amily, which influenced us so reatly. In the second place father et an example of energy in pursung the business of his Lord at hich all men, and particularly we ho were privileged to be his own lesh and blood, marvelled. We ndeed have great cause to bless he name of our father, and our onstant prayer is that we may be orthy of this man who was the ead of our household. In the arly days of our life, and through chool and college days to the time e ourselves began to enter into ur own particular vocations, the icture of our dear mother arises; or it was she who in those days of angers and peril, peril through limate, peril through disease, peril rom bandits, shared my father's fe. It was she, too, who, in the ntervals when the head of the family was away, kept the lamp of faith burning bright at the family hearth.

The story of the early days of these two missionary pioneers—our parents—exemplifies what it meant in those days, and in more recent times too, in China, to be an ambassador of the Lord. There was incident after incident which could have ended in death, or worse, but for the good hand of the Lord upon the family. The Boxer trouble was at its height and our family had to make their way from far-off Mongolia down to the coast, and at one point in this perilous journey were captured. Only the devotion and loyalty of our cart-driver, who, in the wonderful providence of God was found to belong to the same clan as the Boxer chief, saved the Cochrane family from being numbered among China's martyrs. My twin brother, my elder brother and I remember none of this and little did we know that all the family's money, in the form of Chinese taels, was hidden in the cot of the twins as we sped, as quickly as in those days was possible, towards freedom.

Then came the early days in Peking, and the gradual building up of what was to be the finest medical college in the East. To us, his family, the memory remains of work, of toil, of buildings being erected, of a father who was always busy and yet of a father who, when he relaxed, was able to join in the rough and tumble of family games that sent us screeching through the house; for then we saw in this one who was so busy, so respected,

a human being, a loving father whose influence was woven into the very fabric of our lives. People would come, people would go, and the hurry and bustle of an active doctor's life continued. Chinese would sit for long hours with my father, and we, who had learnt Chinese almost before we knew our mother-tongue, would listen and would find it hard to distinguish who was speaking—the Chinese guest or my father—such was his ability to speak Chinese and his knowledge of the Mandarin dialect.

Even in those early days we began to appreciate his dexterity as a surgeon, and since we ourselves have become medical men we are amazed at the skill of this doctor, who operated without all the aids of modern anæsthetics and advanced surgical techniques. His knowledge of anatomy and his teaching ability must have been exceptional. Some appreciation of this can be realized when one looks at *Heath's Anatomy* translated into Chinese. The Medical College in Peking was opened in 1906 and by 1912 *Heath's Anatomy* was a standard text-book. What a prodigious flair for languages!

As one's memory is revived one could continue to relate family incidents illustrating the man we called father. I well remember the day he returned from one of his many overseas trips with a beard, and we did not recognize him and thought from seeing a photograph in the sitting-room that he was one of our Scottish uncles. The puckish humour with which he enjoyed the bewilderment of his children was characteristic of the man: he kept the game up just long enough to be a game, and then came the shouts of joy when we realized that after all father had returned.

"He that dwelleth in the secre place of the Most High," was a verse we heard more frequentl than any other, for the 91st Psalm was my father's inspiration anc guide. This man, who had createc what was the most outstanding medical institution in the East which could worthily take its place beside the greatest of colleges, succeeded because he just believed in all simplicity that, when he asked his Heavenly Father would honour his prayers. He frequently saic that all his prayers had been answered: this was a sincere conviction and was understandabl because he had learnt how to pray and because his devotion was sucl that he knew the Lord's wil for him.

The years 1915-32 were the ones in which my father's great experience was beginning to show itself, first in the establishment o the Survey Application Trust which sponsored the Worl Dominion Movement, and then in the creation of the Movement fo World Evangelization, and it i through these two movements tha his greatest work has been done This was a period of much travel One remembers meeting the othe two great architects of the Surve Application Trust—Mr. Sidne J. W. Clark and the Rev. Rolan Allen. One remembers the earl days in Tudor Street, where m father in a small office with Mis Whiting, who has been so loyal t him and all that he stood fo worked arduously to bring th vision which he was given, man years before, into fulfilment. On is still conscious of the atmospher of expectancy that prevailed in th

eadquarters of this great Move-
ıent, and of dimly realizing that
omething of great significance was
ı the process of creation: and
ondering, as so often men after
ondered, what my father really
as up to!

In 1926, when I returned from
ndia for a short while, I met for
ıe last time Sidney Clark, and he,
long with my father, appointed me
trustee of the Trust which they
ad brought into being, and which
as so profoundly influenced mis-
ionary thinking. For many years
was a passenger, and for nearly
venty years I have been in some
enses an absent Trustee, but look-
ıg back on this meeting in 1926
nd on the conversation with Mr.
lark and my father, I see in it all
ıe purposes of God, and I say,
uite humbly and simply, my
ther felt it was right that I should
ssume this responsibility, and it
just because of this that my own
omewhat chequered though ab-
orbingly interesting missionary
areer has been enriched. Who
ould not be interested, and not
nly interested but fired with zeal,
s year after year one was
rivileged to sit at my father's feet,
hear his comments, to share in
ome way his sense of frustration
ecause men of lesser stature saw
ot the widening horizons of which
e was conscious? Many a time
ıose who knew him would say
homas Cochrane was twenty years
ıead of time, and how correct
ıey were, for much of what he,
J. W. Clark, and Roland Allen
dvocated, and which seemed to
ll on deaf ears, has now become
ıe accepted missionary principles
to-day, and much of what was
id then, and by my father in
ter years, will prove Thomas
ochrane's sense of rightness.

May we who follow not wake up too late to the realization of the significance of the work, life, and leading of this modern prophet, for the times are perilous, and the King's business indeed requireth haste.

I now come to my father's latter years. Mildmay, 1930, was a year of great possibilities, a year in my father's life in which he brought into living reality, at a time when many would consider retiring, a movement which has influenced for good and been the means of the conversion of many hundreds, and from which has arisen a great band of young men and women who have cause to bless his name. Only when we reach our Heavenly Father's "Other Mansions" shall we realize the numbers who have come to know the Lord through Thomas Cochrane's life and influence, and what he has truly accomplished.

In the development of the Movement for World Evangelization are associated great names, Lionel Fletcher, Graham Scroggie, Chalmers Lyon, and to-day we have in Mr. Lindsay Glegg and his colleagues men who have a great appreciation of the vision and purpose of my father's life. May they and we, seeing the responsibility which is ours, take upon ourselves the arduous task of endeavouring to carry my father's plans on to greater completion, a task which is impossible of fulfilment unless God's Spirit fills us and gives us the same simple faith of a child of His Kingdom.

I would, at this point, gladly acknowledge my stepmother's devoted service. As a family how grateful we must be, for it was only through her devotion, her love, her sacrifice of sleep and rest,

which enabled my father to carry on to such a great age! I would, with great affection and appreciation, in which I am sure all the members of both our families would join, say "Thank you," for we can say no more, but in those two simple words of the English language we wish to convey to her the depth of our gratitude.

Thomas Cochrane has handed down to us a great heritage, and in the realization of this may w who follow in his footsteps neithe falter nor fail. A great respons bility rests on all who were h colleagues, and especially on thos who claim any kinship with him, t see that his great vision is eve kept bright. This is our solem and privileged task, and can onl be accomplished if we all dwel as he dwelt, under the broodin wings of the Almighty (Campbe Morgan's rendering of Psalm 91 : 1

From Mrs. Thomas Cochrane

I wish to preface this tribute by making known Dr. Cochrane's all-consuming desire—the spread of the Gospel in all nations of the world, and the arousing of Christians in Britain to take to heart the great unfinished task of sending the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the still-unreached places. This was clear in the work of the Survey Application Trust, the *World Christian Handbook*, and the magazine, *World Dominion and The World To-day*. This great desire was with him all through his life—during his illness the need was constantly on his mind, and he talked much about it, believing that God would grant him strength to make it much more widely known. For he felt strongly that although the surveys had been made, they had not been sufficiently studied and acted upon: and if God raised him up, he meant to get influential Christian people to use their influence to rectify this. There are nations still without the Gospel; countries where missionaries are shut out; others where thousands of villages have no witness for Christ; and some where no knowledge of the Gospel now remains.

Another great sorrow of D Cochrane's heart was that Chris ians in this and other countrie had not paid sufficient attention t Christ's wish that "they all may b one . . . that the world may be lieve." It seemed to him that th solemnly - expressed wish of ou Lord and Saviour should hav much greater attention; that ou schisms and divisions might be fo gotten in joining in devotion an love to our Lord Jesus. He ofte quoted Dr. Kagawa's words "Anyone who is not willing to di for Jesus is not a Christian."

Prayer was another subject h often thought and talked abou He said he had never had a praye unanswered, for God either gav him what he asked, or somethin better: and often praised God fo the "better" things He had give him in answer to prayer.

These three subjects had bee with him since he gave himself t God in his early teens. He pro trated himself on the floor wit arms outflung in the form of cross, and asked God to use hi all his life. He did not get fu assurance of salvation until he we to hear Mr. Moody preach. Fo some days he had been repeating t

imself—"Believe on the Lord esus Christ and thou shalt be aved," and kept going over and ver it in his mind. What did it ean to believe? What could it ean?

When Mr. Moody came to the latform that evening, he went raight to the rail, and without ny preamble at all, said: "Some f you may be wondering what believe on the Lord Jesus Christ' eans," and went on to explain imply. The joy of believing filled om's young heart to the utterost, and it never left him.

In great difficulty and self-sacrice he started his medical training, assing all his examinations successfully, fully persuaded that he as to be a medical missionary. hen came his very arduous work n Mongolia, and later in Peking. read from his notes in 1900:

> I want to see tabulated the spiritual results directly or indirectly traceable to my presence here as a medical missionary, so that I may measure as far as I can the value of this branch of missionary effort. I want to make my medical work self-supporting; and more than that, I want to test whether or not medically trained native preachers can make a way for themselves and do as efficient evangelistic work as non-medicals. I wish to see in how many villages in this vast territory I can light a candle, thus doing my part towards the evangelization of the world in this generation.

And so he went on, always workng for the salvation of souls, and e glory of God. The College in eking was built largely with oney from the Dowager Empress nd her court. Honours were owered upon him, and the openg of the college was said to be the most brilliant international ssembly that China had ever seen, cluding princes, dukes, grand councillors, presidents of government departments and representatives of many foreign powers."

He saw more and more the great need of the world. Visiting every province he made a complete survey of China; and later formed the Survey Application Trust, which, bit by bit, surveyed the whole world. When he founded the Movement for World Evangelization it was with the object of helping to carry out the needs shown in these surveys, and he influenced many societies to meet special needs, always urging that until indigenous Churches were founded, the work could not really grow in any area. At last the word "indigenous" was more or less understood; and practised very largely. Thankful for the progress made, Dr. Cochrane was by no means satisfied, and felt that much more must be accomplished both in making the tremendous need known and in training nationals to preach the Gospel in their own lands.

To this end, St. Luke's College was founded, where it was hoped that New Testament methods, not generally taught in other Bible or Missionary Colleges, would become the ideal of all men training there, either for the home or foreign field. While circumstances eventually forced St. Luke's to close down, the ideal had not been lost, and the words of one of the late students, written after Dr. Cochrane's Homecall, may speak for many:

> When we came into contact with each other at St. Luke's College some seven years ago, the Doctor did not realize that he was laying the foundations of the church I now have the honour to serve . . . no, not even laying the foundation yet, but rather *digging* the foundations! He did not realize how many men and

women, boys and girls, would thus be brought into the Kingdom through the starting of that College. I realize that my case is only one among many others where a similar testimony could be given, but I am proud to remember that it is one of the outstanding instances.

Similar testimonies have come from many parts of the world, as well as from all parts of the British Isles, showing in no uncertain wa how far the Doctor's teaching an witness had gone. His great praye was that a revival might come, tha Christian men and women migh take up more fervently the Lord' last command to preach the Gospe to every creature, so "hasting th coming of the day of God."

From Miss Francesca French

To Dr. Thomas Cochrane is due the singular merit of being instrumental in causing the missionary body to reconsider and rethink many of its tenets. It began with some thought-provoking literature which reached many mission-stations where it had been only too easily taken for granted that existing methods must necessarily be the best, by reason of established precedent. Into this peaceful pool of happy complacency the suggestions which emanated from a small and little-known group of courageous men burst with shattering effect and the pool has never been quite undisturbed since. One small effect was that three women missionaries, one of whom was the writer of this paragraph, were made more sensitive to the voice which told them to go out, fearlessly, to a wide unevangelized area in the far north-west of China. When Mildred Cable, Evangeline and Francesca French became nomad missionaries among the oases of the Gobi Desert they faced an area untouched by any missionary policy. Here, therefore, were tested Paul's methods—to preach, and, on the emergence of a few believers, to teach them, then to leave them and be off on pioneering business, then to return and revisit them. It proved a sound policy. When circumstances called us back to England our first visit was t Dr. Cochrane. The outcome c that call was problematic. Woul he care to see us or was he a ma whose time was so filled with re ceiving and answering letters tha he only hoped each visit would b a short one? It was not so, fo here was a man who seemed t have leisure for worth-while tal and on that day the foundation were laid of a friendship whic death itself cannot destroy for belongs to the realm of the Spirit.

At the close of a long life if D Cochrane had been questione concerning his own estimate of hi life-work he would probably hav said: "I have accomplished bu little. There are so few who hav taken heed of the great things have tried to declare." But h would have been mistaken. He with Sidney J. W. Clark an Roland Allen, released a power c thought in missionary circle which, confirmed by recent happen ings in China and other land have shown that a truly spiritua Church, taught on indigenous line is the only one which can hope t withstand the massed onslaughts c the enemy of Christian progres This Dr. Cochrane proclaimed wit unfailing courage and with the in sight of a convinced Christian an a far-seeing statesman.

From Sir Kenneth Grubb,

C.M.G., LL.D.

It must have been in the late twenties that I first met Dr. Thomas Cochrane. The offices of the World Dominion Press were then in Tudor Street, E.C.4. Shortly afterwards I became associated myself with *World Dominion* and continued to serve in the organization until the outbreak of war in 1939. Since then my contacts with him had been less frequent, but had always been maintained. For many years they were very close indeed.

I shall always look back on those years of work with him with affection and gratitude. I learned much which has been invaluable to me in later life. And since men are gifted in quite different ways, I also learned what were the things that I should like to have done and could not do. There is nothing more difficult to learn. But it is in the meaning of the Gospel, that the greatest work is accomplished by those who know and accept their limitations.

I shall try and say something here about those characteristics of "T.C.", the study of which has been a help to me. I write from the standpoint of a man, thirty years his junior, who had learned, I repeat, very much from him. It is no service to him or to his work to pour out insipid flattery. Discerning appreciation is the only tribute he would have desired.

In a certain sense, he was the last of the pioneers. When he went to China it was more than a decade before the first of the great modern missionary and ecumenical Conferences, Edinburgh, 1910. From the first he was deeply seized by the challenge of world evangelization, by the inequalities of missionary distribution, by the inadequacy of the total resources available and by the urgent necessity for the Church to be wholly indigenous—self-propagating, self-supporting, and self-governing. To the end of his life he laboured to impress these convictions upon others. Enormous as is the task of evangelization still to be done, he himself contributed not a little to the doing of it. I did feel sometimes that he dwelt too much on the challenge as he had first seen it himself in China and elsewhere. There was a sense in which he was always ahead of the times, and a sense in which he failed to move with them. Nevertheless his fidelity to his vision and convictions made him a pioneer all his life. It lent to him that glow and fervour which is theirs who are self-dedicated to a dominant end. He was a constant and living rebuke to those of us who are tempted by the world's oppressing complexities to see situations rather than men, and puzzle over problems of thought rather than challenge of need.

This overmastering sense of pioneer simplicity, the free onward impulse of a glad and faithful mind, made it difficult for him to adjust himself to baffling situations. I used to feel that "T.C." was a little too inclined to solve all things by a formula or slogan. His well-known passion for survey was an enthusiasm for revealing the broad lie of the land. It did not involve a progressively deeper analysis of the understanding needed to meet the situation. This was equally true of his concern for "indigenous principles." He by

no means omitted to make his own contribution to these, but he was apt to give the impression, especially in his later years, that all that was needed was to state such principles briefly and apply them. He did not seem to see that both the situations and the principles interact and react, producing ever-changing engagement and action.

It was inevitable that with his eager, challenging temperament, tinged with a holy impatience at unholy delays, he should find himself "up against" the established order. The policies of churches and missionary societies, of boards and committees, habitually seemed to him too slow. They, in their turn, considered him too impulsive, and revolutionary. He started from scratch and they could not. He saw the world, the Gospel and the Church. They had to grapple with a host of institutions and conventions, obligations accepted and not yet discharged, "high tasks half-begun, things great desired, things lamentable done," and they felt that he underrated their difficulties and ignored the problems which the past and not they had created. But he never ceased to be respected when he could not be wholly followed.

Moreover, he stood entirely within and for the whole body of teaching that is associated with the names of Roland Allen and Alexander McLeish, and others who worked with them. And, for the last thirty years, this teaching has been a challenge to thought and practice, a constant goad, a dangerous questioner, a critic waiting for an answer. And men who are courageous enough to declare and consistently to support such challenges are always urgently needed. Otherwise the rest of us lower our sights to ease our aim, and settle down to a complacency of mind and sometimes of deed. "T.C." saved us from the inertia of ourselves and the deadweight of our self-importance.

In day-to-day work he was a fascinating leader with whom to co-operate. His conversation was spiced with a fund of anecdotes and stories, many drawn from personal experience, which eased an argument and adorned a tale. He had a quaint, even quizzical, sense of humour and thus was able to give the impression that he carried his responsibilities lightly. He was essentially kind and considerate, thoughtful for those whose troubles came to his attention, and affectionate to those who enjoyed his confidence. In his best years his conversation was forcible and pointed, except when he gave way to a propensity for large utterances and spacious terms.

He consistently stood for closer co-operation between Christian bodies and struggled hard to promote it. But his own natural quickness and impatience were his worst enemies. He found it hard to see that obstacles and difficulties which were trivial to him loomed very large to others. Consequently, it was not easy for him to allow co-operation to grow out of ever-deepening confidence, and that is the only kind likely to last. He was just a little too eager to impose it, and he did not always realize that men will not readily express their reservations to a leader whose talents and energy they admire, because of instinctive politeness. They go through the motions of assent, but often with an inner dissent.

In the office he interfered little with juniors: this was, perhaps, his way of expressing confidence in them. But he was a great encourager of men at key moments and critical points, and many will be always grateful to him for words that he spoke to them, and above all for the way in which he spoke them. Once he had alloted a task to a man he was able to forget it himself and expect it to be adequately discharged. Indeed, there were times when I could have wished that he was more readily available for consultation and disposed to give clearer and more forthright direction.

He was, above all things, a man of God who saw the big things. He always painted on a large canvas with a great background and wide sweeps of his brush. His own faith was as simple and direct as a child's. He was constantly looking out to the vast horizons and the unfinished tasks. In speaking of such things to others he could be extraordinarily moving. He saw the world and he saw God, and his task was to bring the saving vision of Christ to the sight of all men. He did not worry too much over the complications that lay between the aim and the achievement. Such men are absolutely essential to the work of the Kingdom: without such vision the people perish. But it must never be forgotten that an end which is at once both great and simple is very hard to attain—

Tasks in hours of insight willed
Must be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

And now he is gone, called to the eternal reward of faith and faithfulness. We need not sorrow for that, as those who have no hope. He knew his Lord, and followed in His path with joy. He has entered into his natural fulfilment, the full-born energies of heaven. We are the poorer for his loss, but the richer for his faith and love. His legacy to us is to wrestle with the great tasks to which he set his hand, knowing that they will not be accomplished without dedication and sacrifice. His warfare is ours still.

So, let us leave him in his rest and joy. Some there are who die before the morn; some who are called from the heat and stress of the noon-tide; and some who pass quietly on in the evening of their life's course. God mingles, not seldom, the dawn of new vision with the vesper-light of a long day whose last hours pass away in peace. This is his guerdon who has fought the good fight and kept the faith, who has gone on his way bravely and surely, not seeking a sign or dictating the terms of his own capitulation, as he who said, "Except I see, I will not believe." Blessed are they who have not seen, but have believed.

From the Rev. Alexander King, D.D.

Secretary, the Church of Scotland
Overseas Department

I met Dr. Thomas Cochrane almost thirty years ago, while I was still a young man, and the impression he made on me then was only deepened and strengthened during the years that followed. I shall remember him always as one of the most remarkable personalities it has been my privilege to encounter. He quite eluded classification; he was an original, if ever there was one. And he was a born missionary. An idea for Thomas Cochrane was never merely something to be turned over privately in his own mind. It worried him, and he worried it, until it was brought into line with his many other ideas and set to work in the great cause to which he gave his life. A truth for him was something that clamoured to be communicated, and in season and out of season he spent himself in persuading others to see what had become so clear to him. If they were obtuse, and so often they were, he was pained but never defeated. Once set on a course it was hard indeed to turn him from it. Temporary setbacks he would take in his stride; obstacles simply stimulated a mind naturally fertile in expedients to overcome them; and, though he was assiduous in canvassing support for his sometimes startling views and projects, he was undaunted by any failure of response and tenaciously held to his way.

This kind of man is almost certain to be effective and compel admiration; but often he is not loved. Yet Dr. Thomas Cochrane was a most likeable man. With all his cleverness and energy there was a simplicity and confidingness about him that was touching; and none could be more charming. The graciousness of the Christian faith was his, as well as its power and the breadth and height of its vision.

He lived to see most of his big ideas, with which readers of *World Dominion* are familiar, largely accepted in the missionary world. How much that was due to his insistence on them and how much to the simple compulsion of world events, I do not know. Not that it mattered to him. What mattered was that Christians everywhere of all denominations should be seized, as he was, of the terrible need of the whole world for Jesus Christ, and that, forgetting all else, they should bend all their energies and use all the brains God had given them to meet that need on the broadest possible front. This, he was convinced, was a time for greatness, a time for taking the world view he spoke so much about, and for learning how to do it from the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Looking back on his long and varied missionary career, the feeling is irresistible that Thomas Cochrane was not the least of those in the true Apostolic Succession.

From the Rev. Charles W. Ranson, D.Th.

General Secretary,
International Missionary Council

Baron von Hügel used to teach hat the soul's health and happiness depend upon a maximum of zest and a minimum of excitement. One of the gifts which God gave Thomas Cochrane was the gift of zest. And he never lost it.

Dr. Cochrane was in his eightieth year when I first met him. I knew a good deal about him before I ever saw him. His son, Robert, had been a colleague and a friend n India. I had been, for some years, a reader of this journal, which he founded and edited. As a working missionary—wrestling with and, not infrequently, baffled by the problems of developing a self-supporting and self-propagating Church in India—I was keenly nterested in the "indigenous principles" expounded in the books of Roland Allen and advocated by he World Dominion Movement. But nothing that I had heard or read prepared me for that endearing combination of fatherly solicitude and boyish zest which I first encountered in 1946.

I was struck at once by the fact hat he did not, as old men sometimes do, think and speak mainly about the past. His mind was full of plans for the future and he talked of them with the eagerness of a schoolboy planning an adventurous escapade.

I was made captive by that twinkling eye, by the soft Scottish speech, salted with wit, by the unaffected warmth of the man and by his youthful zest. That first meeting marked the beginning of a friendship in which a difference of nearly forty years in our respective ages seemed to matter little. Nor has the fact that I have since been in London only for brief and occasional visits made it difficult to maintain the friendship in good repair.

Others will write in greater detail of Dr. Cochrane's distinctive contribution to missionary strategy, of his unflagging devotion to the idea of an intelligence service for the world mission of the Church and of the variety of ways in which he sought to relate ideas to practice in the work of evangelism. He saw with a rare clarity, thirty years ago, some of the things which have since become the commonplaces of missionary discussion and policy. He was in the best sense a pioneer; and his contribution to missionary thought and evangelistic strategy has, I believe, been greater and more significant than has yet been generally recognized.

He shared some of the frustrations of the pioneer and some of the limitations of the man of zest. He sometimes spoke with a tinge of sadness in his voice, of the slowness with which ideas—crystal clear to him—were seen and adopted by others. Sometimes his enthusiasm ran away with his judgment; and, impatient of the tardy processes of consultation and persuasion, he would go ahead on his own. Like the over-eager motorist who cuts a corner in order to reach his destination the more quickly, Dr. Cochrane occasionally ran into trouble. But he was not much given to gloomy reflection on such incidents. His mind was always moving forward towards new ventures in the vast unfinished task of world evangelism. More-

over, his warm and generous regard for those from whom he may have differed in the past was the expression of a truly catholic spirit, to which a narrow sectarianism was repellent. During the period in which I knew him, Dr. Cochrane was an ardent advocate of the closest possible association between the Survey Application Trust and the International Missionary Council. He rejoiced in the fact that the principles which the Trust was founded to advance are now widely recognized and accepted throughout the organized missionary enterprise; and he argued that this pointed inevitably towards a growing alliance between the Trust and the I.M.C.

Von Hügel wrote of the things which steady the man of zest and give him balance and centrality. Thomas Cochrane's life had a steadying centre. He was not, I think, much given to theological reflection. He was not—in the ordinary sense—a mystic. Most of his friends will perhaps think of him primarily as a man of action. Yet he had a sure grasp of theological issues. His sense of Christ's judgment in history was vivid and penetrating. He was conscious of "living on the brink." In this or that or the other situation he often felt powerfully that "*now* is the accepted time." This sense of crisis directed all his advocacy and action and imparted urgency to his plans. Both his theology and his mysticism (for he was a real, if not a conventional mystic) were of the kind that find their completion and articulation in action.

But the dominating and central fact in Thomas Cochrane's life was a personal devotion to Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. Through all its zest and spaciousness, its breadth of interest, its great achievement, its tireless activity, there ran a single-minded loyalty, a unifying purpose. He would, I think, have made his own the words of Charles Wesley:

I would the precious time redeem
And longer live for this alone,
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known.

And so, when, like Bunyan's Mr Valiant-for-Truth, he was "taken with a summons," he too could say:

> I am going to my Father's . . . my sword I give to him who shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder. . . .

"So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

From the Very Rev. J. Hutchison Cockburn

Senior Minister, Dunblane Cathedral,
Chaplain to the Queen

After a long life full of activity ill near the end, and even in his ast illness filled with plans for the uture, Dr. Thomas Cochrane was gathered to his rest. It was late in his life before I came into touch vith him, but especially during my ervice as Director of the Department of Inter-Church Aid in the World Council of Churches my contacts became close and intimate, and any visit which my affairs enabled me to pay to London was seized by him as an opportunity of learning of the activities of the World Council in he critical days after the war.

His early days as a missionary n China had left deep marks upon his outlook, and the needs of China and his love of the people of China were foremost in his affections; but he marks of China's needs went much deeper, and what he learned n China convinced him: (1) that evangelism and mission, whether home or foreign, were the main activities of the Church; (2) that he divided attack of Christian Churches on the vast areas and problems of China, or of any land rom China to Peru, including Great Britain, was a weakness that ould not be justified in the sight of God, and (3) that it was entirely undamental to seek to build up he native Church with all possible peed. Along with this went the onviction, which is now accepted n all forward-looking circles, that he place of laymen in the activities of Christian congregations must be argely expanded if the Gospel is o commend itself to this generaion. With these deeply ingrained onvictions he looked out on the world from his desk with an eager mind and keen spirit, and sought by word, both spoken and written, to urge them upon the Churches and their leaders.

How right he was, and how advanced his views were when he returned from China, the events in that continent and at home have abundantly shown. To take just one instance—the whole future of Christianity in China now depends upon the quality of the Chinese Christian laymen and women, who have been deprived of every foreign missionary support and influence.

Yet for all his zeal and his deep convictions he was a man of a quiet and sympathetic manner. A conversation with him was an equal endeavour of two minds and spirits to face the problems and seek guidance from mutual discussion. Often I found him more ready to listen than to talk, but I was always impressed by his grasp of European situations which were quite new after the war. He not only listened; he grasped the significance of what was said and asked enlightening questions, so that it was always good to have a talk with him. Sometimes indeed I found myself making my way to the Founder's Lodge of Mildmay for no very compelling reason, but just the desire to be in touch with a man who even in his later years saw new things with a fresh and vital eye. He was a man of generosity, not only in his material support of good causes but in his readiness to consider and weigh questions and problems as they arose in the contemporary world.

I do not mean that he and I always agreed, though on most concerns our methods of approach largely coincided; but he was always willing to consider all one said and even to fit his views as far as possible into the schemes laid before him. He was a man of outstanding quality, width of view an sympathy of understanding. H was quite individual, as all grea men are, a man whose mind wa both eager and humble, convince but willing to learn, and of a spiri even in his age, that was eager t meet the coming days.

From an Associate Editor

When I first went to see Dr. Cochrane, young and extremely ignorant about the "missionary situation," and "missionary principles," I waited for my appointment in a room where books and papers bore again and again the word "indigenous." I took careful stock of that word. I had hitherto connected it with, perhaps, potatoes, never with principles.

"Indigenous principles," the "world view" were phrases which were continually on the lips of Dr. Cochrane, and which gradually took on a new meaning to all who came into contact with him.

One of the characteristics which I remember most clearly and most gratefully about "T.C." is the way in which he gave his complete and undivided attention to the person to whom he was talking. No matter how busy he might be, and no matter how unimportant his guest, he would put down his pen, and, spectacles in hand, would turn from his desk and face his visitor. He would give you his whole attention and would make you feel that you were *the* person who mattered most at that moment. And how wise his counsels were!

Another endearing characteristic about "T.C." was that, even when new and raw, he would ask your advice, and, what is more, would seem to value it. He gave confidence to people. I don't think h ever made anyone feel small.

He expected the best from them and helped them to be and giv their best.

He lived consciously in th knowledge of the love of God, an it was his passionate desire tha all with whom he came in contac should be brought to know an love his Lord. I remember, in th Tudor Street days, his concern fo the lift-girl, Alice, and others i the building.

I don't think I have ever me anyone kinder than Dr. Cochran I worked with him for near twenty-five years, and I do no recall an unkind word.

He was generous in every wa Believing firmly the fundamenta truths of the evangelical faith, h would never criticize or censur those whose theology was differen from his own. I remember remark being made that a certai missionary was "unsound." H was silent for a few seconds, an then asked quietly, "Did you no say she was leading people to th Lord Jesus?"

He believed that if men love God they should love each othe irrespective of "labels."

Kind, generous, intensely huma and with a keen sense of humour- thank you, "T.C.," for all you hav meant to us!

M. H. H.

From Mrs. Bernard Read

Thomas Cochrane, medical doctor, statesman, dreamer of great dreams, staunch friend and gifted writer, was many things to many men, but to one and all he was one who, in all phases of his life, lived joyously and intimately with his God.

He had the God-given faculty of seeing and building upon the potentialities of men and women even when others would have cast them aside. Invariably courteous, with an old world courtesy, he appreciated meeting it in others. He held throughout his fruitful life a disarmingly simple and radiant belief in God, the Father, and His direction of the lives of His children. His contagious spirit of evangelism dominated all his undertakings. He had the power of inspiring men and women to join with him in his ventures for the Kingdom of God on earth and to give of their utmost even when the going was rough and the accomplishment of the goal seemed well-nigh impossible.

Describing the problems and difficulties of pioneer medical mission work in Chao-Yang, China, during pre-Boxer years, he was wont to quote the story of a high-tempered orphan lad, presented to Dr. Cochrane as a bottle-washer for the dispensary. For years, this boy alternated between the dispensary work and assisting as a domestic in the doctor's home. The twelve-year-old continued in the dispensary until his outbreaks of temper caused the other helpers to refuse to go on, if this boy stayed, and until he'd broken so many bottles that a change had to come. Then Dr. Cochrane would persuade his wife to take the lad as a kitchen-helper and dish-washer. In the home the boy would work until broken dishes and vile temper made it necessary to leave, and the doctor would then decide to give the boy another chance in the hospital. Each time the doctor and the boy would have a serious talk, and each time the session would end in prayer together, when the doctor laid before the Lord all the faults he'd hesitated to point out to the boy and asked that this lad might have a true desire to do better.

The climax came with the Boxer uprising in 1900 when the Cochranes and their three little boys had to flee to the coast. By the time news of the true state of affairs had penetrated to Chao-Yang, all roads of escape were closely watched by Boxer bands. The local church met in an all-night session of prayer after which it was decided that the Cochranes must leave for the sake of the safety of local Christians as well as their own—provided transportation could be secured for them. Since all Christians were closely watched by the Boxers, none of them could give obvious help. It was strongly advised that Mrs. Cochrane and the children should travel by mule-cart along one road, while Dr. Cochrane, disguised as a Chinese, should travel on mule-back by another road, thus trying to outwit the Boxers. But who would volunteer to drive a cart for Mrs. Cochrane and the children?

By night there came to the mission-house a local mule-cart driver, not himself a Christian, who said, "My wife and I feel I should volunteer to take Mrs. Cochrane and the children. I am

not a church-member but my wife and I believe in the God you serve. We are also mindful of all you have done for our people. We know the present danger for you and for us. I will take you, Mrs. Cochrane, in my cart and I shall meet you, Doctor, at the great crossing of the roads, near the river." Mrs. Cochrane and the children left the following night.

A night later, the doctor, wearing Chinese dress, rode forth alone. Before he left the streets of Chao-Yang he sensed he was being followed, but never could spot his pursuer. About two miles outside the city, turning quickly in his saddle, he saw a figure before it could retreat into the shadows. It was the bottle-washer-domestic! Harshly the doctor chided the lad for endangering their lives by following. Meekly the boy replied, "I only followed to tell you you've forgotten to take off your English felt hat and I've brought your Chinese cap with queue attached. Here it is! Now I return—to be alone." With moist eyes, the doctor watched the bowed, boyish figure disappear into the blackness, then continued his lonely journey to the rendezvous with the carter and his precious cargo.

At the river, where a boat awaited the Cochranes, the mule-cart driver made his farewells. Dr. Cochrane begged the man to accompany them, knowing that almost certain death awaited the driver if he returned to Chao-Yang. But the man replied, "No, my place is with my own people. I return ready to face what may befall, knowing I have done my duty for myself and my people in bringing you to this place." The driver was killed by the Boxers for assisting "foreign devils" to escape. A few years later Dr. Cochrane was able to contact the wife, and was amazed that she and her children held no bitterness toward the Cochranes, although the death of the wage-earner had made their lot a hard one. Dr. Cochrane was able to supply a life-endowment for the widow. Thirty years after leaving Chao-Yang, Dr. Cochrane visited the bottle-washer-domestic in Peking. The man was then a recognized medical authority whose success was very evident in his palatial home. The successful practitioner was humble as he said to Dr. Cochrane, "All this I owe to you, who prayed me out of my vile temper and who never threw me over, even when others had no use for me! You showed me what God could do for even a man like me. I am trying to carry on in your footsteps."

In all circumstances, even under those of extended travel, Thomas Cochrane contrived to be not only well dressed but also immaculate. He was especially particular about his well-polished shoes, even in the Orient where no boot-black could aid him. Travelling in a crowded Japanese train near Tokyo he was disturbed to have a Japanese gentleman, garbed in the then stylish kimono, step squarely on one of his gleaming shoe-toes—the more so as Dr. Cochrane now saw a mud-patch on his shoe, which he had up to then kept clean in spite of inclement weather. In telling the tale Dr. Cochrane said, "I thought I'd hidden my annoyance but was ashamed to find it had showed. The Japanese gentleman pulled a handkerchief from his kimono, stooped and wiped my shoe clean, and then with a deep bow said in English, 'Sorry.' My regret was that my Japanese was

not up to explaining that it was *I* who ought to be sorry." On another occasion while visiting orphanages in Korea a six-year-old Korean boy asked Dr. Cochrane in stilted English, "Sir, are you a Christian?" When Dr. Cochrane answered in the affirmative, the child continued, "I thought so. Your face is kind and honest. It is a joy to have you visit us." Dr. Cochrane used to relish this tale, saying it helped make up in part for the time in Japan when his face had not been kind but too honest.

In the early nineteen-hundreds the vision of a union missionary, first-grade, modern medical school and hospital situated in Peking seemed to most missionaries the impossible dream of a visionary. But to Thomas Cochrane it was the forward looking answer to China's vast need for modern medical men and women. Like any great venture, the scheme created strong opponents who put forward the usual arguments, many of them with real validity, against such an undertaking. But Thomas Cochrane founded the Union Medical College—later to be called the Peking Union Medical College when it was taken over by the Rockefeller Foundation. He gathered about him men of all races, all walks of life, of all denominations and so inspired them with his own vision that they gave their all to build and maintain this new organ for Christian evangelism. Through the rugged first years of overwork and constant struggle against lack of adequate equipment, man after man, Western and Chinese, laid down his life for this new school. Never have I heard any members of the surviving families express bitterness! Each of those who died gloried in being a partner with Thomas Cochrane, who gave of himself even as he had inspired them to do, in this new undertaking for the Kingdom of God.

There was the mandarin who suffered embarrassment by being accused of carrying a bomb under his Chinese gown, when in truth he had a tumour as large as a head of cabbage. He came to Dr. Cochrane. The tumour was removed. In gratitude the mandarin became a self-supporting doorkeeper in the hospital. Or look at the opium-smoking lady-in-waiting from the palace of the Empress Dowager who came to the hospital to be cured of her habit. In the hospital she found Christ. Public announcement of her stand resulted in her being dismissed from the palace, abandoned by her husband and disowned by her family. She served as a matron in a mission girls' school, later became a Bible-woman, and finally had the joy of seeing her daughter marry a Christian minister and of helping the young couple in their first parish. Twenty years after the opium cure Dr. Cochrane met the former lady-in-waiting at the writer's home and asked, "Have you ever regretted taking your open stand as a Christian?" The radiance of her face as she answered, "Never," was a thing to be remembered.

Many similar stories could be told of these years. Every member of his staff in the teaching-school and in the hospital knew and relied upon the staunch friendship of Thomas Cochrane. In these days he veritably "walked with kings and talked with princes," but never did he "lose the common touch." In later years as he met Chinese or Western colleagues and they

reminisced over the experiences of earlier years, Thomas Cochrane's chuckle and twinkling eye were the first to enliven the conversation. Because of his dream, China to-day has hundreds of medical men and women, not only highly trained in modern medicine, but also radiant servants of the King of kings. Perhaps the most surprising but satisfying reward to Thomas Cochrane was to have the very missionary colleagues who first opposed his vision say to him in later years, "You were right. We rejoice with you in this school and hospital."

Another of Thomas Cochrane's visions was the establishment of *World Dominion* and its allied services, a venture conceived and carried out at a time when most men concern themselves with retirement. Again, some of Dr. Cochrane's harshest critics of *World Dominion* are to-day among its firmest advocates. Mildmay Centre, too, was a child of his later years—declining years one cannot say of Thomas Cochrane; for he never lost the zest of great things to be undertaken for his Master, or the youthful forward-view that dared to dream dreams.

One honours and admires Thomas Cochrane for his many gifts, and his varied and significant achievements. But to most of us privileged to be near to him Tom Cochrane's greatest talent was his unswerving, creative friendship, that could see in the temperamental bottle-washer the potentials of the doctor, ready to give himself for others. With his keen sense of humour, his sense of the fitness of things, and his love of people was coupled a burning zeal to reveal his Heavenly Father to every life he touched. By his way of living and dreaming he made the things of Heaven very real, and in his new abode we are sure "the Master of all good workmen has set him to work anew."

From the Rev. T. Cullen Young, M.A.

formerly Editorial Secretary of the United Society for Christian Literature

I welcome the invitation to contribute to the memorial issue of *World Dominion* for one particular reason. Until he had come home from China and I from Africa, I knew nothing of Dr. Cochrane beyond the connection of his name with hospital work at Peking. It was in the early 1930's that I discovered his connection with *World Dominion,* and it is of this that I would speak here.

For here was something not merely new to me but of a kind the sore need for which I had been feeling. Here was something in overseas Christian information that just met the sore need. If I may approach the question as to *World Dominion's* value in an indirect way, what I felt was, "Here is a clue to solution of problems over a far wider field than that of Christian missions alone!" Here, in fact, was a clue in such diverse directions as, on the one hand modern industry; on the other hand, colonial responsibility. Here was a forum—a talking-place—at the level of the day-to-day operatives, as complementary to the deliberations at high-level of a Board of Directors; a talking-place at the level of District Officer and Native Commissioner as complementary to the high-level opinion

f Governor and Chief Secretary. n short, here was the voice of the en and women "on the job"; e absolutely essential comple- ent and supplement to the voice f the "High-Ups."

No accurate parallel is involved ere as between Boards of Direc- rs in industry and high-ups in the olonial Service on the one hand, nd our International Missionary ouncil or Edinburgh House, on e other. The point is that in all ree situations—industry, colonial dministration, and missionary ctivity—a satisfactory picture of e existing situation at any given moment is only possible when there is a supplementary and complementary deliberation at both levels; at that of the high-ups, and at that of the day-by-day operatives. This it was that Dr. Cochrane was guided towards, within the sphere of missionary problems and practice, in the founding and direction of *World Dominion.*

Dr. Cochrane followed his gleam. And I rejoice to know that by following it he was led into years, not of "retiral," but of an inestimable further, and wider, service; right to the last of his powers.

From Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette

Professor Emeritus of Oriental History and Missions, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

In the passing of Dr. Thomas ochrane, we have witnessed the osing of the earthly career of one f the great missionaries of the resent century. Dr. Cochrane be- ngs with the missionary giants ho in vision and achievement ave made notable the last two enturies of the world-wide spread f the Gospel. To all who know e missionary history of the odern era, no further word is ecessary. His name and his record re so familiar to them that a petition becomes a banality. To ose who are unfamiliar with the story, or whose memory of it is azy, we can simply note the cen- al rôle of Dr. Cochrane in laying e foundations for the inter- enominational medical school in eking which became the basis for e Peking Union Medical College. hat alone would have been suffi- ent to place Dr. Cochrane securely in the ranks of missionary statesmen. That task accomplished, Dr. Cochrane returned to Great Britain, and through *World Dominion* extended his activity beyond the borders of one country. In the original and best sense of that word, he was ecumenical, for his vision and his outreach included the inhabited world. Indeed, he was more than ecumenical, for the Greek term out of which the English word comes was meant to designate only the civilized world as the Greeks understood it. Dr. Cochrane's purpose encompassed all of mankind, of whatever civilization or degree of culture. He would have the Christian Church securely planted in every nation, race and tribe, under the leadership of those sprung from each heritage, and bound together in the mankind-embracing bond of the Gospel.

From the Rev. W. T. T. Millham

of the Movement for World Evangelization

For more than twelve years it was my privilege to be closely associated with Dr. Cochrane in the work of the Mildmay Movement. During that time I had ample opportunity to appreciate his sterling qualities both as a Christian gentleman and a missionary statesman. In the quietude of a man's study one gets a close-up view of him which is not possible in public assemblies.

The first time I entered his sanctum, I felt rather like a pygmy in the presence of a giant. Not that he treated me as a subordinate. On the contrary, his geniality and friendliness made me feel that he regarded me as an equal, and soon put me at my ease.

One could not work with Dr. Cochrane very long before realizing that the world filled his horizon. So burdened was he with the vision of its need that all his thoughts and conversation turned quite naturally in that direction; and he was always eager to share his vision with others.

His conversation would frequently be illumined by an illustration out of his own experience. More often than not, it would be some amusing incident, pigeonholed in his mind for use at the appropriate moment, and always accompanied by that twinkle in the eye that characterized him.

One could not but be struck, too, by his remarkable power of concentration. When a conversation was interrupted by the entry of a third person into the room, he would give his whole attention to the matter in hand, and then resume his talk at the very po where he had left off.

How grateful he was for eve thing that was done for him, a how unstinted was his praise work well done! Indeed, to ha his implicit confidence was in its a reward which made the task l arduous. A fatherly pat on t shoulder would be evidence of appreciation and an incentive further effort.

Nothing to Dr. Cochrane seem impossible. His firm belief th faith as a grain of mustard se could remove mountains, ma him laugh at impossibilities. N infrequently would he say: "Y never know what you can do you try"; implying that in t effort latent powers would awakened that God was waiting use.

Optimistic to a degree, he fac all his disappointments with sere ity and fortitude; and with dogg determination went on with t task in hand.

In his study Dr. Cochrane nea always had a pen in his ha anxious to pass on to others t many thoughts that flowed fr his fertile brain. Seldom at a l for the right word, his choice significant phrases to express ideas was most apt.

It is true that "it is a far from China to Peru"; and yet, God's good purpose, two worke representing these respect countries, met and worked togetl for a few years; and in the heart one of them that fellowship in s vice will ever be cherished as happy memory.

From A. Lindsay Glegg

Chairman, Movement for World Evangelization

After a long and fruitful life, our e beloved President, Dr. Thomas ochrane, is now at Home with e Lord. He was undoubtedly rn to be a missionary strategist, d his name will ever remain in e missionary roll of honour, ongside those of David Living-one, William Carey, Hudson ylor, and others of immortal ne.

Dr. Cochrane was pre-eminently man of world-wide vision, and roughout his life he left no stone turned in his endeavour to get hers to share his vision and to lp supply the need that he saw. David of old had the temple printed upon his heart, so homas Cochrane had the world graven upon his. Neither of em was permitted to see the full alization of his dreams, but each ught to do his utmost to convert s vision into reality: and to each e divine Architect might say: Thou didst well that it was in ne heart."

Dr. Cochrane always thought in rms of the world, and such rases as "world survey," vorld evangelization," and vorld-wide witness," were fre-ently upon his lips and will vays be associated with his me. It was this all-embracing sion of his that inspired the rmation of the World Dominion ovement in 1924, and the Move-ent for World Evangelization 1930.

As the needs of different parts of e world were disclosed by the rvey work of the World Domin-n Movement, efforts were made meet those needs by creating and mulating interest in evangelism and supporting evangelistic efforts as strategic opportunities were revealed. Any outstanding need was promptly accepted as a call, and no small financial aid has been given throughout the years to mission field priorities.

Emphasis has also been placed upon Christian witness by life and lip, as the primary duty of every Christian and the most effective means of winning others to the Christian way of life. To this end was formed the World-wide Witness Fellowship, in which thousands of Christians were enrolled, thus pledging themselves to constant prayer and witness.

In the great task of world evangelization Dr. Cochrane always urged the need for co-operation. It was with a view to bringing about a closer unity and co-operation among missionary groups in the propagation of the Gospel that the Movement for World Evangelization was formed in 1930. The purchase of the historic Mildmay Centre, with its spacious buildings, provided suitable headquarters for the Movement, as well as adequate accommodation for several missionary societies.

As was to be expected, evangelism was given the foremost place in the programme of the newly constituted Movement. An important feature of those early days was the campaigns covering the whole of London. These were conducted by a team of evangelists, including Mr. A. Lindsay Glegg, Dr. Lionel Fletcher, the Rev. Hugh McCullough, and the Rev. Stanley Baker, who were ably supported by the renowned Negro Spiritual Jubilee Singers. The success of

these campaigns led to more extensive efforts by the same team throughout the British Isles, which resulted in a very great ingathering of souls into the Kingdom of God.

During the Second World War most of the evangelistic activities of the Movement were suspended, but on their resumption after the Armistice, plans were immediately made for the "Ringing of London" Campaign, under the leadership of Mr. A. Lindsay Glegg, supported by the Rev. David Hood and Messrs. Morris and Levett, of Australia, who have efficiently represented the Movement for many years, not only in their own country, but also in New Zealand, Japan, South Africa, and other African countries.

Later on, a more international platform was introduced, and speakers were brought from other countries, including Dr. Kagawa of Japan, Dr. Appleman of America, Dr. Ridley of Australia, and Dr. Niemoeller of Germany.

To meet the urgent need for systematic Bible study and instruction in the Christian life, evening-classes were commenced at the Mildmay Centre, conducted by a number of evangelical ministers, including Dr. Graham Scroggie, and other teachers of the Word. Conferences, too, were held from time to time for a number of years, which were attended by Christians of all denominations.

The teaching given at the evening-classes and conferences was afterwards extended and made available to a wider circle by the inauguration of a series of Correspondence Courses, covering Biblical and kindred subjects. After the Second World War, when there was a dearth of candidates for the ministry, another new venture w introduced in the opening of Luke's College, where during period of four years a number young men were trained under t principalship of Dr. T. Wilkins Riddle, with the tutorial assistan of Dr. H. S. Curr, and oth ministers.

Amid the wider activities of t Movement, the spiritual need of t immediate neighbourhood was n overlooked. Regular Sunday se vices and a Sunday-school we conducted, and mid-week meetin included Bible studies, a you club, and a women's meeting Wednesday afternoons, conduct by Mrs. Cochrane, with atten ances rising to two hundr women. Constant visitation a deaconess work was also unde taken in the district.

The official organ of the Mov ment for World Evangelizati was *The Mildmay Outlook*, occasional publication which co tained news of the Movemen activities and was an informati guide for intelligent prayer. T New Mildmay Press also publish other literature, including t *World To-day Series* of popul illustrated surveys, and other boo and pamphlets.

This brief outline of the wo carried out at the Mildmay Cent under Dr. Cochrane's inspiri leadership must end on a mo personal note. Dr. Cochrane w a most lovable character: he hac great gift for friendship and w always loyal to his friends. always greeted you with a smi which assured you that your vi was welcome, and before you h been in his presence very long was outlining some plan for t further development of evangeli at home or abroad.

To have worked with Dr. Cochrane, to have gained his confidence, to have shared his vision, was a high privilege with which some of us have been blessed; and our memories will often linger over the happy fellowship enjoyed in his presence. What a warrior he was, and yet how simple and sincere! To hear him pray let you into the secret of his life; he walked with God.

Spiritual work cannot be assessed by mere reports and statistics: its real value can only be judged by its results in the process of time. Human efforts, often achieved in weakness, are woven into the divine pattern and made to serve the purposes of redemption. The religious situation has changed considerably since Dr. Cochrane commenced his survey work. To-day "indigenous principles" have become an integral part of mission policy: and "gossipping the Gospel" is now fashionable in missionary phraseology. A man's work does not die when he is laid in the grave. God removes the worker, but his work continues. The influence of his life and work goes on extending in ever-widening circles. Dr. Cochrane "being dead, yet speaketh."

From Montague Goodman

My first contact with my friend Dr. Cochrane took place in connection with a meeting of evangelical leaders convened to consider the proposition of establishing a centre in London something after the character of the old Exeter Hall in the Strand, where it might prove possible to co-ordinate in some measure evangelical effort in and around London and become a centre of missionary information and co-operation. It was a bold conception, worthy of a man of vision combined with action, and the impression I then formed of Dr. Cochrane's strength of character and sweetness of disposition has remained unabated to this day.

Many difficulties had to be faced and prejudices to be overcome, while critics abounded, but nothing could daunt this man of courage and, as is well known, the outcome was the acquisition of the Mildmay Conference Hall and adjacent buildings, and the launching of the work of the "Mildmay Centre" here, of which I had the privilege of being, for some time, the Chairman.

Dr. Cochrane was, for all his geniality, something of an autocrat and certainly an individualist, and in consequence the direction of the enterprise was centred mainly in himself as General Director. Indeed it is difficult to see how his conception could have been translated into actuality otherwise.

My last sight of him was in his home at the Mildmay Centre where I visited him to present my wife to him and the memory of the old man with his welcoming smile and gracious benediction is a pleasant recollection to us both.

Of Dr. Cochrane the promise of Psalm 91:16, was abundantly fulfilled, "With long life I satisfy Him and show Him my salvation."

The trouble about these outstanding personalities is that when they go from us they leave a gap behind! There are so many persons and so few personalities, and it is to such that we look for vision and leadership. May God raise up more to help us in the difficult days ahead.

From O. M. Green

of the "Observer."
Formerly Editor of the "North China Daily News"

It was only late in life that I first met Dr. Cochrane, and not in China—for when I went to Peking it was on other than medical affairs —though, of course, one knew his name as one of the brightest ornaments of the great medical service of the London Missionary Society in China. But even a brief acquaintance was enough to make one feel that one had known him for years, so clearly did his fine qualities stand out. Of the deep but unobtrusive religious faith which inspired all he did it would be an impertinence to speak. Such another was the late Dean Symons of Shanghai: neither man ever dreamt how far his influence for good was felt. And none could have more conspicuously revolted the sneer that goodness means a long face and a spoil-sport. Happy in themselves they unconsciously made others happy too.

One thing that so impressed one in Dr. Cochrane was his kindliness. I doubt whether he ever had an unkind thought of others: and though, of course, he would never palter with wrong, I am sure his instinct was to look for the possibility of something that would explain, and so justify tolerance for, the wrong-doer. Dr. Cochrane's evident belief was that there is good in everybody, a conviction shared by some who have worked in prisons among desperate criminals. Not long before his death Dr. Cochrane did me the honour of consulting me as to the possibility of some one who knew China well going to Peking to reason with Mao Tse-tung: he felt sure that something could thus be done to bridge the gulf between Britain and China. If anybody could do that, it would have been Dr. Cochrane himself. No one is quicker than the Chinese to sense virtue and sincerity in a man. By these qualities Dr. Cochrane won the respect and regard of the mandarins of old Peking whom he treated (how one wishes he would have written his reminiscences of their courtly lives). These old friends are gone. Yet one cannot but believe that there are still some behind "the bamboo curtain," as there are so many this side of it, who remember Thomas Cochrane with love.

Reminiscences

The following reminiscences and articles are a selection from the many and varied contributions to *World Dominion* which Dr. Cochrane made during his thirty years of editorship

A Picture of a Nation's Need

SOME time ago, I went to visit a surgeon in Harley Street, and in a ten-minutes' walk I counted scores of names of physicians and surgeons on the doors of the houses, and, as I counted, my thoughts were carried back to a journey I took a few years ago across one of the provinces of China. Day after day I passed through towns and villages in none of which was there any one who possessed even the rudiments of scientific medical knowledge. In one town where I stayed for the night, the fact that I was a doctor became known, and in the morning I had to escape by a back door from the importunity of the crowd.

Faint echoes of Western science were evidently beginning to reach the ears of some of those in authority, for I well remember staying for the night in a shop which had just been taken over for street chapel purposes. On the door a proclamation by a progressive official had been pasted up. This bill exhorted people to kill rats. I read it and went in. A curious crowd had collected round the door, and they did their best to follow my movements by gazing through every crack and crevice. I thought I should find privacy for the night behind the counter, but as their eyes found me even there I took up my bedding and climbed a ladder into a loft. I dragged up two trestles to support the chapel notice-board on which I spread my bed, but scampering rats that squealed defiance at the magistrates' poster, and biting fleas that had fed on the rats, made me dream of plague all the night long.

Plague was endemic throughout the region of my travels; cholera exacted a huge toll; the infant mortality must have been prodigious—probably six or seven hundred per thousand; but there were no doctors and no nurses to tend and heal the sick.

As I walked along Harley Street counting the brass plates, another scene came to my mind. It was the year 1897, in the days of Imperial China, in the disturbed pre-Boxer years, that I entered the small town of Chao Yang in Inner Mongolia. Travel in those days was painfully slow. Part of my journey was made in a Chinese junk across the head of the gulf of Peichili. This journey, which normally should have occupied about twelve hours, took a week owing to storms and adverse winds. We were nearly starved before we reached the coast. It was a dreary coast. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but mud-banks and creeks—a desolate and dispiriting view. Here and there masts were sticking out of the water, masts of junks that had sunk before they could reach the shore in the storm which our junk had encountered—a storm during which we prayed to Almighty God and the members of the Chinese crew burnt joss sticks. The remainder of the journey was taken in a

This cartoon-sketch of Dr. Cochrane against the background of the Bible and the World, was especially commissioned and given to him on his 80th birthday by members of the World Dominion Press.

Chinese cart, which is like a dog-kennel on wheels and springless. On the rutty roads and the dry river beds one is almost intolerably bumped and bruised unless one is well padded.

I shall never forget my introduction to the City of the Sun (Chao Yang). The country was overridden with bandits whom the soldiers—badly trained and badly paid—found it impossible to suppress. Indeed, they did not try very hard. Thirteen soldiers fled from one bandit whom they were chasing when he stopped and pointed his gun at them. Their excuse was that he had thirteen chances of hitting them whereas they only had one of hitting him!

After several days of the literally up and down experience of a Chinese cart, we approached the gates of Chao Yang. Fearing an unwelcome reception we lowered the *lienza* (a curtain which obscures the occupant, but has a gauze or glass panel which enables him to see without being seen). The sight that met one's eyes was gruesome in the extreme. It was early morning and some robbers had been beheaded an hour or two before. Their gory heads were hanging about the gateway and near by—I do not need to shut my eyes even after the passage of fifty years to see again the gruesome sight—dogs and pigs and crows were feasting on the bodies.

Through the eastern gateway and out at the western we came to a mud-walled enclosure which had been the headquarters of James Gilmour, the brave and lonely pioneer to that remote mission field. It contained some small houses, built partly of burnt brick and partly of sun-dried mud bricks, and there I stood and gazed at the imprisoning walls—the only medical man in thousands of square miles of territory. My presence was soon bruited abroad and a long, low building with a broken-brick floor and paper windows and a ceiling made of grain stalks papered underneath (over which rats scampered) was daily overcrowded with suffering humanity. I was following up the work begun by James Gilmour in Mongolia. The town was called the "Three Towers," and was that in which much of Gilmour's life had been spent. In my dispensary when the rain soaked through the mud-roof the rats fell through the softened paper ceiling. Along one side of the room was a long window-frame filled with thin white paper which let through a dim religious light. There was a crazy old door in the north wall. In China one gets into the habit of speaking not of the left or the right, but of north, south, east, and west, and a patient would sometimes complain of a pain in the east side of his stomach! This door in the north wall was the means of communication between the waiting-room and the dispensary. For a great part of the day the waiting-room was filled with patients suffering from almost every conceivable complaint—smallpox, typhus, cholera, hydrophobia, diphtheria, were commonly seen, and perhaps samples of them all when the crowd was large. Some patients came or were carried over enormous distances. There was no Harley Street for consultation, and in that wild district in those days a death under treatment would have been a most serious affair; indeed, it might have cost me my life.

On this particular day a man came staggering into the waiting-room with a woman on his back. He had travelled a distance of eighty miles only to find he had come too late; the woman was dying, and there was no one all along that weary journey who could have rendered any medical help.

To the west of me there were no doctors nearer than Europe, to the north none save in Siberia, to the east one might have been found about two or three days' journey off, and after five days' travelling one would probably have been found on the south.

Picture a woman who has heard of the hospital and who comes carrying in her arms a child suffering from diphtheria. She has tramped for miles, and when she comes to the hospital she finds it closed owing to disturbances in the neighbourhood, or to the absence of the only doctor from some other cause. The child grows steadily worse and gasps out its little life, while the mother, miles from home and days from any other medical help, is compelled to watch an agony she cannot relieve. This is a picture of need which is not overdrawn.

Save Life! Save Life!

On the day of which I am writing the crowd had gone, and as I stood in my dispensary clearing up, the door in the north wall creaked open and a man came in. There was a look of great anxiety on his face. He wore the clothes of a peasant of the plain: a blue cotton jacket, blue cotton trousers, white cotton socks and black cloth shoes with felt soles. His queue was coiled round his head, but out of respect to me he immediately uncoiled it and let it fall down his back, and then, getting down on his hands and knees, he thumped his forehead on the brick floor saying, *"Taifu chiu ming chiu ming"* (Doctor, save life! save life!). I raised him from his kneeling posture and asked him to tell me his trouble. He told me that he had come on behalf of a dying woman in a village some miles away, and had brought a cart in the hope that I would consent to return with him. It was summer-time, and the *kaoliang* (a coarse kind of millet which grows so high that mounted bandits can hide among it) was waving in the afternoon breeze. The cart, a springless affair like a dog-kennel on wheels, was drawn by two mules harnessed tandem fashion. The man was so anxious that he kept urging the carter to hurry, and this he did by using the business end of his whip to the leading mule, and the butt end of it to a spot at the base of the backbone of the animal in the shafts. This particular spot is a tender part which receives the assiduous attention of a carter when he is in a hurry, and not once nor twice have I been bumped and bruised by carters who thumped it mercilessly when scared by pursuing brigands.

At length we came to the village; it was like many more of the thousands scattered over the northern plains: a broad street, little mud houses on either side, and narrow lanes leading off from the main street, filled with naked children sporting in muddy pools, with

wolfish dogs and black pigs. Outside a door stood a huge coffin. We had arrived.

The woman was lying dirty and dishevelled on a heap of earth on the *kang*.* Her state could only be described in medical terms. She had been ill for days. I gave her a few whiffs of chloroform—the marvellous " dream medicine " as it is called by the Chinese—and she was blissfully unconscious as I saved her life. But the child was dead, mutilated by the dirty old hags who had been torturing the mother. I waited till she was conscious and then I saw what was a rich reward for all such work, a gleam of gratitude in the eyes of a member of an alien race. Could there be a more powerful influence for good, for fruitful contact, for peace on earth, for inter-racial harmony, for international goodwill, than such service rendered in the name of the Good Physician, the Prince of Peace?

As I gathered my things together the relatives *kotowed* to me, exclaiming, " *Taifu hsin hao, Taifu hsin hao* " (the doctor's heart is good, the doctor's heart is good).

On another occasion a man presented himself and asked for urgent help for his wife. He came from a village on the far side of a river a few miles from the town. *Kotowing* repeatedly, he pleaded, " Doctor, save life, save life! "

I went on horseback. When we came to the river we had an unpleasant and dangerous time. The ice was breaking up, and the river was deep and swift. My guide had, besides his black round cap with a red knot on top and his cloth shoes and white cotton socks, only two articles of clothing, a pair of wadded trousers, and a wadded jacket. Taking off his shoes, he unwound the piece of braid with which the Chinese neatly bind their trousers over their socks round the ankles, and, with it, bound socks and shoes together. Then he slipped off his trousers and wrapped up my parcel of instruments in them. He next took his girdle and bound the whole between his shoulders.

I shivered involuntarily as he grasped my horse's bridle and waded in among the melting ice. He missed the ford and we got into deeper water, and once or twice were nearly swept away. Poor man, he did not think of himself, but with chattering teeth he thanked me over and over again.

I was able to save that woman's life.

The sun was setting as I stood in the doorway, and as I waited for the horse I mused upon the unrelieved anguish of women in a myriad villages for whom there was no help available. I was the only doctor in thousands of square miles of territory. I felt that a nation was waiting to be healed. The sun went down and it was night, and I wondered when the Sun of Righteousness would arise.

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*The family bedstead, a platform built of mud bricks along one side of the room.

Moulding a Nation

In the early months of the closing year of last century it was evident that trouble was brewing. There were ugly rumours in Chao Yang, the "City Facing the Sun," away beyond the Great Wall of China, and one felt so helpless and isolated. The city stood in a plain encircled by hills that seemed to segregate one from the rest of the world.

Here, unrest was a chronic condition at all times, but there were frequent exacerbations. Sometimes it was a bout of brigandage ending in conflicts with soldiers, and the people fled from the country to the city. At such times poor victims who had been treated with nameless cruelties were more than usually numerous at my little primitive hospital. Occasionally, Mongols and Chinese came to blows, and then the country simply seethed with trouble.

But the ugly rumours to which I have referred bore a complexion that was quite unusual. The storm of 1900 was gathering. The "Harmonious Fists" were preparing to create the Boxer discord. The attitude of the people began to change. There were mysterious whisperings.

Once, during this time, I was travelling back from a distant city to which I had gone to get some lump-silver which formed our local currency.* I had reached an inn on a mountain road. It was such a dilapidated, dirty, disreputable place that I felt inclined to sleep in my cart as I had often done before. But it was chilly, and I decided to go indoors.

Danger at the Inn

By-and-by I heard voices in an adjoining room. Two men were discussing the coming trouble. Let me call them Wang and Chang. W., "There is a foreign devil in the inn!" C., "Yes, I saw him. He differs from some I have seen. His eyes are not blue but black, like ours, and so is his hair. He has a fine nose, too, indeed he is almost as good-looking as a Chinese, and might easily pass for one." W. "Yes, but one always knows these foreigners. If they speak our language they do so with an accent; further, their gestures are different. Besides, one has always the evidence of one's nostrils, they drink milk, and therefore have a milky smell. They dislike their own smell—at least I am told so and this may be the explanation of the fact that they so often take a bath. But we shall soon be rid of them all." C., "Yes, and a good job too; they would slice up our country like a melon!" W., "I hear there was trouble in Shantung some time ago.† There is a rumour that the German Emperor landed there. The King of France also came, and the King of England. You may be sure, too, that the Emperor of Great Russia, which is so powerful here in the north, also formed one of the company. Our

*This silver was chopped up, weighed and exchanged for copper cash, ten shillings' worth of which was a load one would not care to carry more than a few yards. A cash is a round coin with a square hole in the centre. In those days a good one—some were so much worn that there was nothing left but the hole—was worth about a fortieth of a penny. Eighty, or twopence worth, paid for a room in an inn for the night. But the nature of the accommodation was such that it was dear at the price.

†The seizure of Kiachow by Germany in 1898.

own Emperor sent Prince Ching, who arranged a great feast, exchanged gifts, and talked peace, for well he knew that China will soon sweep the whole of these barbarians into the sea." C., "Good! What if we begin with the one in the next room?" Their courage, however, must have failed, or their plans miscarried, for, after a somewhat troubled sleep, I awoke to find myself alive!

Waiting for the Mob

But the sands were running out. Our days in Chao Yang were numbered. With my wife and three little children, and my colleague and his wife, I stood one day behind shuttered windows waiting for the mob. But again a watching Providence intervened. Parenthetically, may I say that in all kinds of dangers—and I have had a large share—I find that the ninety-first Psalm acts like a charm. But it was time to get the women and children away to the coast, and my colleague volunteered for this service while I decided to stay on if possible. After they had gone, however, the Christians around me decided that safety lay in scattering.

I shall never forget that last hour of my stay in the town and district for which I had hoped and planned great things. We knelt down, a little band of Christian brothers. They forgot that my skin was white and that I came from the northern shores of an island ten thousand miles away. And I forgot that they were Chinese. The veil dropped and we saw and touched each the soul of the others. I still thrill when I think of it. Such an experience is worth the toils of a lifetime and the risks of death. We parted. One who seemed the weakest Christian of the lot was chosen to die a martyr's death. He died with a song on his lips:

Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy praise.

I rode away towards the hills. It was night—one of the darkest in my life.

. . . . .

But the night passed, as this night in China will also pass in the progress towards the day when "His dominion shall be from sea to sea." I was destined to receive from that very Dowager Empress, who tried to drive the foreigners out of China, a great imperial gift of ten thousand ounces of silver to help to train men to meet "a nation's need," the need of the millions who, like those on the hills and plains I had left behind, were the victims of unrelieved suffering.

. . . . .

The "Foreign Devil" touches the world's oldest throne

In the dawn of an autumn day in 1901, I stood on a heap of broken bricks, which was all that the Boxers had left of the hospital in Peking where my predecessors had carried on their healing ministries, and I looked towards the yellow-tiled roofs of the Imperial Palace and prayed that God would perform a miracle, that He would touch the reigning monarch of four hundred millions in the interests of Christianity and all that Christianity meant of healing and enlightenment, and He did. The story of that miracle would require a book which I had hoped one day to write, but now I never shall. It is the story of how the proud occupant of the world's oldest throne overlooked the audacity of a foreign barbarian who had presumed to present a petition to her, and granted his request.

The Peking of a generation ago was a very different city from the Peking—or Peiping as it is now called—of to-day. In those days, when one looked down from the massive city-engirdling walls, there were no great buildings in foreign style of architecture rising above the tree-tops. The city looked like a forest, amid which nestled low Chinese buildings with their artistic grey-black roofs, ducal residences covered with blue-glazed tiles, and palaces roofed with imperial yellow. The homes of great Manchus with their gardens, their rockeries and their fish-ponds, were soon, with the fall of the dynasty, to pass into other hands, and many of their owners were doomed to pull rickshaws or to beg their bread in the lanes of the city.

But not only was Peking a different city viewed from the material aspect, men's minds were not open as they are to-day. The project of a medical college had to win its way against prejudice and ignorance and scarcely veiled hostility to the foreigner. The public was safeguarded, not by examinations to test the knowledge of the Chinese medical practitioner, but by dissemination of the idea that it was rash to swallow prescriptions of physicians whose family had not been in the medical profession for at least three generations! Chinese physicians studied books two or three thousand years old, none of which dealt with anatomy or physiology or pathology, the foundations of medical science. Said one writer:

> Chinese doctors do not have to pass any examination before they set up in practice. They are apprenticed to another doctor, and then in due time take the offensive themselves. Their success depends upon their own efforts, and, of course, the luck they have with their first cases. The Chinese as a people approach doctors with their own peculiar blend of complete scepticism and complete credulity. . . . The chemists who prepare the medicines do not have to undergo any specific training. They are apprenticed young, and during their three years' apprenticeship they pick up the general run of the trade. As the drugs are not of any constant strength, and since no one knows what is the matter with the patient or what is the precise effect of the drug he is taking, small errors in compounding do not cause any inconvenience.

The truth, however, is that, down through the centuries, some study has been given to the properties and effects of drugs, so that in medicine there was not quite as much ignorance as in surgery. The Chinese enjoy telling a classic joke in this connection: a man was pierced by an arrow and he went to a surgeon who sawed off the protruding ends and then told the patient that he had now an internal complaint which a physician would have to treat!

In spite of the years of medical mission work which had modified opposition, I remember with what fear, in the early years of this century, I arranged osteological specimens in glass-covered cases during the days preceding the opening ceremonies of the College. I was afraid that some of our visitors might think that the bones were those of hospital patients, specially done to death in the interests of foreign science. What would have happened had they seen what I discovered soon after the classes were started makes a cold shiver run down my spine even to-day.

An Eerie Night

I was making my rounds for the night to see that patients in the hospital were comfortable and that

udents in the dormitories were ttending to their studies, when I aw a dim red glow, as of a fire, eflected on the window of a cellar. Iy suspicions were aroused and I rept softly down the cellar stairay, and this is what I saw in the im smoky light.

In the middle of the floor there as what the Chinese call a *pai -tze,* a large, white clay, flowerot shaped stove in which the hinese burn balls of mixed clay nd coal dust. On the top of these urning balls rested a big enamel asin. Standing over the basin was Chinese student in his long blue own, down the back of which ung the then not discarded queue. crept silently nearer, and to my orror saw that, with a pair of hop-sticks, he was turning round nd round in boiling water, a uman head! I sprang forward nd faced him, the boiling head etween us, and, aghast at my disovery, he confessed there and then at, in the interests of his studies, steological specimens being few, e had gone outside the city to a raveyard and found one of the o numerous, scarcely covered, imsy coffins (of the kind which e Chinese describe as "dog-hits--with-its-head-and-breaks-it"), nd had severed a head from a ody, brought it stealthily back, nd was boiling off the flesh!

Fortunately, as far as I know, at was the only occasion upon hich a student had yielded to the mptation to go into the "agricurral line," as Bob Cruncher would ave said. The Government, in the ore enlightened years that folwed, listened to our representaons as it had listened to so many her requests we had made, and e were able to get subjects for issection, and thus to lead China out into the scientific highways of modern research.

The founding of the Peking Union Medical College was the beginning of a new era in the attitude of the Government to scientific medicine. An ambitious scheme for government medical education was proposed, and the details of our curriculum were embodied in it word for word. In this and in other ways missions played a great part in moulding a nation, and one day that part will be generally recognized.

Eunuchs of the Palace

One of my patients was the head eunuch of the Palace. In his boyhood he was apprenticed to a cobbler, and, to the day of his death he was known by the nickname *P'i Hsiao Li* (Cobbler's Wax Li). His proper name was Li Lien-ying. He was the confidential eunuch—the faithful servant of Her Imperial Majesty Tzu Hsi, the great Empress Dowager of China. He wielded a power beside which that of the barber in the court of Louis XI was trivial. It is said that he hated the young reforming Emperor Kuang Hsu because the Emperor had once ordered him to be thrashed. This story is quite likely to be true, because Kuang Hsu, like all reformers, would have liked to abolish the eunuch system which had demoralized and brought down the preceding dynasty.

It was said that there were over two thousand eunuchs in the Palace and that Li Lien-ying appropriated to himself the title "The Lord of Nine Thousand Years" in contradistinction to the Emperor's title, "The Lord of Ten Thousand Years."

I treated scores of eunuchs. The most common complaint from which they suffered was one which only the surgeon's knife could cure, and which Chinese doctors were quite unable to treat.

This great Palace servant, Li Lien-ying, came to see me frequently. He always came unostentatiously, and with only one servant in attendance. He would say to me, "I am in a great hurry: I can only get out to attend to my own affairs when the old Buddha is asleep." He promised to back up a petition which I had sent to the Throne, asking Her Imperial Majesty to assist me in establishing a medical college in Peking.

Another of my patients was a lady-in-waiting at the court—the Duchess Te. She was married to a nephew of the Empress Dowager. She was anxious to get me to perform a delicate and difficult operation, but was afraid that, when she went back to court, she would get into trouble for having allowed a man to operate upon her. To avoid this anticipated trouble she went through a ceremony whereby I became her brother-in-law, and it was then considered proper for me to operate. On her return to her duties as lady-in-waiting, the Empress Dowager asked her many questions. For example, she asked what it was like to be under "the sleeping medicine." The Empress commanded the Duchess to be photographed beside her "brother-in-law," to subscribe to the hospital, and to give me appropriate presents.

Another of my patients was an Imperial Prince. When I was driven to his Palace in my official cart (I had been appointed Medical Adviser to the Government) I knew that I was welcome. Th great doors were open and servan were in attendance to conduct m through the outer courtyards t the intimacy of his own rooms. sat beside him at a sumptuous fea of countless courses, served silver dishes. I was treated as friend of the family.

On one occasion, the Gran Councillor, Na T'ung, begged m to go and see his mother. She wa in the eighties, and the case looke hopeless. Na T'ung himself wa quite certain that she would n recover, and he went to the vario legations saying that his moth was on her death-bed, and that I would have to retire for the lo period of mourning appropriate such a bereavement. I went to s the old lady, and gave her t necessary treatment: I also dete mined to pray most earnestly f her recovery. Having ma arrangements for her treatment a care, I went to the western hi which overlooked the city, a knelt by a stone upon which I h carved the word "Bethel," a where, in times of crisis, I had oft prayed. There I prayed for h recovery, and for the success of m petition to the Throne for he towards the completion of t Medical College.

To everyone's astonishment, t old lady recovered. This strengt ened my faith in the comi answer to my greater prayer th the Throne itself might be touche

One of the Emperor's eunuc had a large carbuncle on h back. "Send for the Lond Mission doctor," said the E peror, "he is the only man w can cure a bad case like that."

Another famous patient w ultimately cured by the minist tions of the hospital. He was

younger brother of the Empress Dowager, and she sent five of her most famous physicians to stay with him all the time. Their prescriptions, which Her Majesty studied, were so contradictory—one aiming to produce heat and another to diminish it—that she wrote a prescription herself, and ordered all the five men to submit to a thrashing, which was duly administered by one of the eunuchs, with the aid of a bamboo stick.

On a day that I shall never forget, the news came through to me through official circles that the Empress Dowager had donated ten thousand ounces of silver to me in response to my petition for help to build the Medical College. Such a unique gift, the first of its kind in the history of China, made front-page news. Dr. Morrison, who was then *The Times* correspondent in Peking, came to me for confirmation before cabling the news to London. My prayer was answered.

The immense significance of this gift soon became apparent. A group of high officials formed a little committee, and a subscription book, bound in Imperial yellow silk, in which the Empress Dowager's donation was inscribed, was widely circulated among Governors of Provinces and other important officials. With the Imperial example before their eyes, subscriptions were never refused.

Opening of the Union Medical College

When the college building was completed and furnished, I asked that an Imperial Commissioner should be appointed by the Throne to open it on behalf of the Empress Dowager, whose generosity would thus have a fitting acknowledgement. This request, like the others, was immediately granted, and Grand Councillor Na T'ung was appointed for this purpose. The result was that the most unusual and spectacular pageant that old Peking had ever witnessed marked the occasion. Princes, Dukes and high officials came in their red-banded chairs, preceded by outriders on horseback, and a retinue beside and behind. All the ministers of the Foreign Powers were in attendance, and eloquent speeches were delivered.

His Excellency the Imperial Delegate announced that he had come to represent the Throne on this occasion. He made a short speech, which, he said, was by command of Her Majesty.

This very auspicious opening of the Union Medical College was followed by other favours. I sent a petition to the Imperial Board of Education asking for recognition of degrees to be conferred upon the students and enclosing a copy of our curriculum. This showed that the teaching and examining staff was very representative of the union of missionary forces which had made the college possible. It also gave the names of the Examining Board, which included medical men from some of the Legations in Peking—British, American, Italian, and others.

This petition, following the precedent set by the Empress Dowager, was favourably received.

Another interesting result was that the Government adopted, word for word, the curriculum of the College as a model for any Government Medical College which should, in future, be established. The final stages were that

several Government Boards gave annual grants for the upkeep of the College. After the opening of the College, I was invited to an Imperial audience in the Palace, ostensibly to return thanks for Her Majesty's benevolence.

Before the "Dragon Throne"

As far as I know, I am the only missionary who was ever granted the privilege of standing in front of the Dragon Throne. The scene was one of Oriental splendour and dignity. The Empress Dowager looked every inch a queen, and supported, with a quiet and splendid dignity a position which a long line stretching back to the beginnings of time—a line of over two hundred monarchs—had occupied before her.

On her left, but on a lower level, sat the Emperor, who was now but a puppet, with a bored and amused look on his face, not untinged, one imagined, with a sense of shame and humiliation. Princes and high officials *kotowed* in her presence, and the great Prince Ch'ing, on his knees, presented an address. Some of the 2,000 Palace eunuchs, many of whom, from the powerful head eunuch downwards, had been my patients, were in "trembling" attendance. In the background were some of the ladies-in-waiting of the Empress, dressed in robes of such beauty as was never rivalled by any other nation.

Looking back on that scene, historically so suggestive, and picturing the marble boat, the camel-backed bridge, the Palace buildings, with their yellow-tiled roofs supported upon massive, artistically painted beams, and the lovely setting of the whole on the Jade Lake at the foot of the pagoda-crowned hills that look up to the Western mountains, I wondered, and have often wondered that the Chinese allowed the wholly rich pageant to pass away with so much unconcern. They, and the world, are poorer for the loss of living, acting representatives of a great past of unique interest.

In 1915, negotiations for the transfer of the College to the Rockefeller Foundation were inaugurated. This Foundation had sent a deputation to China to study the problem of medical education; they found in the Union Medical College the basis of what they required, and over succeeding years spent millions of pounds in creating the greatest institution of its kind in Asia. In 1921, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and scientists from all over the world, came to the opening ceremony. Since then work of great scientific value has blessed China and the world beyond.

"This," said a high Chinese official to me, as he stood in one of its marble courtyards in 1921, "is the greatest example of Christian altruism in history."

The dying Sun Yat-Sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, found treatment and solace there, and his widow asked that a Christian funeral service should be conducted in its beautiful chapel auditorium, and this took place.

The development of the medical work in Peking, and the development of this Christian institution, the Union Medical College—which, as I have shown, was countenanced by a gift from the Throne, subscribed to by the highest officials in the land, and recognized by the Board of Education—had an influence throughout China and far beyond, and was

rst step towards the religious berty which China enjoys to-day. Was the founding of such an in-itution the right policy for mis-ons to adopt?* God often uses our imperfect methods, as He undoubtedly used this for that time and for those circumstances, but it was an imperfect method. I agree with the opinion of Chinese students that the time has come for a revision of missionary policy. The world missionary enterprise is waiting for men and women who will boldly lead in this direction.

*Dr. Cochrane came to feel strongly at the building of costly institutions ould be the responsibility of ationals themselves—not of missions. -(Ed.)

I was Only a Doctor

I was only a doctor: in the lerical sense, I was a "non-profes-onal" missionary, working alone n an area so huge that, for practi-al purposes, it might be described s limitless.

There were converts scattered ver this territory with no "regular inistry" available, or likely to be vailable, to baptize or to adminis-er the Sacrament of the Lord's upper. I, therefore, undertook hese responsibilities, or they were ndertaken by indigenous Christ-ns, none of whom had been "or-ained," and, not being ordained yself, I could not ordain them. I as trying to "practise the pres-nce" of Christ in an evangelistic nd healing ministry, and there was constant stream of inquirers.

I should have been in a hopeless uandary under these conditions if had not believed that all who ccepted Jesus Christ as Saviour nd Lord were entitled to enjoy the Sacraments, although they bore no denominational label, but were simply Christians, obeying their Lord in baptism and in remembrance of Him: also had I not believed in the priesthood of all believers.

I am not opposed to a trained and ordained ministry, nor to denominationalism that simply means variety, is not exclusive, and recognizes as Christians, with common privileges, all who have accepted Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. But in my practice I think I was in line with New Testament teaching, and was adopting a method whereby universal Christian unity could be achieved. If I was not in line with New Testament teaching, would those who have been buttressing barriers against an "irregular ministry" enlighten me from the Scriptures, which are our final authority?

Saved from Death

The following reminiscence refers to an incident already mentioned:

In the year 1896 I was asked to speak at a kitchen-meeting in my native town of Greenock, on the Clyde. There were only seven people there—all women. In the course of my remarks I told them the following story.

During the Civil War in America, one of the sentry-posts received the nightly attention of a sharp-shooter. Every night for five nights the soldier doing sentry-duty was shot dead. The man who was told off for this work on the sixth night was, it can be well imagined, not too happy, but duty and danger found him ready.

Towards midnight, the moon, which had been shining brightly, was fitfully hidden by clouds, and the sentry, for some reason, had an uneasy feeling of impending danger, and, to cheer himself and reinforce his courage, he decided to sing. He sang "Jesu, Lover of my Soul." When he reached the words, "Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing," he sang them as a prayer. Just then, the clouds passed, and a feeling almost of elation took possession of him, and in due time he returned safely to camp.

A few years afterwards, he was travelling with a party of friends on a river-steamer, and each was entertaining the others with song and story. When it came to his turn, he said: "I am going to sing my favourite song to you," and he began to sing, "Jesu, Lover of my Soul." When he came to the words, "Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing," he sang with peculiar pathos as memories of the lonely, dange ous sentry-post came back to him

When he had finished singing, man came up to him and saic "Were you doing sentry-du at——, naming the post—durin the war?" "Yes," was tl answer, "I was." "Well," sa the stranger, "I was told off shoot you. I had raised my gu and was just about to pull tl trigger when you started to sin but when you got to the words 'Cover my defenceless head wit the shadow of Thy wing,' I coul not shoot."

Soon after telling this story the kitchen-meeting, I left for fa off Mongolia, to follow up the wor of James Gilmour. There, I ha many exciting experiences an hair-breadth escapes. When tl Boxer trouble broke out in 190 the danger of massacre was s great that I induced my colleagu to take the women and children t safety. I thought that I might b able to stay on, but after they le things became worse, and the fe Chinese Christians who were wit me begged me, for their sakes, a well as my own, to leave.

It was ten o'clock on a moonligl night. My horse was saddled an waiting. We met together in a littl room—seven of us—and, afte commending ourselves to God care, we parted. One of the me of that little company was afte wards martyred with the hymn o his lips: "Mighty God, whil angels bless Thee, may a morta sing Thy praise."

I had two hats on the table, on a broad-brimmed felt, and anothe a Chinese cap. I decided to wea the latter, as I should thereby b less conspicuous. I rode awa

nd wondered why I was attracting ttention. Guns were going off, ogs were barking, and death eemed imminent. Finally, I got nto the hills, and, putting my hand p, found the cause of the commoion—I had put on the wrong hat!

When I reached the coast I fell ll, and was sent home. One day I was walking along a street in my native town when a woman stopped me. "Oh," she said, "you are safe! I never forgot the story you told us at the kitchen-meeting, and all the time of the Boxer troubles, I was praying: 'Cover his defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing.'"

A Strange Experience

In 1939, at the beginning of the var, I attended the morning service n Westminster Chapel, and the cene on that Sunday morning will ive with me always. The church vas well filled, and every one carried a gas-mask, indeed, none was llowed in who had neglected to ring one. Gas-masks in the ouse of God! There and then I letermined that if I were spared I vould do my best to bring warime enemies together on an evangelistic platform. During those var-years, like so many others, I ad seldom an undisturbed night, ut except for soot, and dust, and olds contracted in damp air-raid helters or attending the injured I ame through unscathed.

On Tuesday evening, March 28, 950, I chaired a large meeting in hat same chapel. On my right and sat Dr. Martin Niemöller of Germany, and on my left Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan. As thought of their experiences and f my contacts with Germans and apanese, among whom I had nany friends in the years before he war, I remembered one experience which is worth recording.

When I was lecturing in the Jnion Medical College in Peking nd acting as Medical Adviser to he Chinese Government, I was aturally involved in research work, and among other studies I became interested in leprosy, for the treatment of which we made ethyl esters. In this connection I visited most of the institutions in Japan, and at one of them was interpreted by a blind Japanese preacher. When my address was finished I thanked my Japanese friend and I asked him if he had heard of Dr. Matheson, the blind Scottish preacher. "Heard of him!" he said, with deep emotion. "My favourite hymn is his, 'O Love that wilt not let me go.'" As I looked at Dr. Kagawa, who is almost blind, the result of an infection contracted in his slum-work, that scene came vividly before me. The wonder of it! A spiritual beam stretching from Innellan on the Firth of Clyde to Japan!

As I looked at Dr. Niemöller, the modern Martin Luther, I thought of some of his experiences. Here is one, told me by his wife.

"When my husband was brought into a concentration camp he was in absolute solitary confinement. When I was allowed to see him, under supervision, it took him some minutes before he could speak fluently, he was so unaccustomed to speak. This solitary confinement lasted for three years. Once, in the middle of the night, somebody was thrust into his cell. This

man said, 'Pastor, I, one of Hitler's storm-troopers, was yesterday sentenced to death, but I cannot die the man I am. I implore you to hear my confession.' This was so terrible that my husband felt as if he were in hell himself as he listened to it. 'There is no sin too great for Christ's forgiveness,' said the pastor, and there and then the knelt on the floor and peac flooded the trooper's heart. With crust of bread and a mug of wate they had Communion together 'Never,' said my husband, 'did have a more wonderful experienc than when I knelt on that cel floor.'"

Falling in Love with the Book

THERE is an old story that when Queen Victoria was asked the secret of England's greatness, she replied, "The Bible." And a country's greatness will increase or decrease in proportion to the extent to which this Holy Book is reverenced, studied and accepted as God's revelation to man and as the final authority for life and conduct. No greater service could be rendered to our own or any other land than that of getting people to fall in love with the Bible. And those of us who have fallen in love with it cannot adequately express what it means to us.

We sing, "The love of Jesus, what it is, none but His loved ones know," and of the Bible we would say, "One must love it to experience the bliss, the comfort, the ecstasy, the inspiration which it imparts and which its lovers cannot adequately describe." We often think of what those miss who have not fallen in love with Jesus. We often think of the great blank which must exist in the lives of those who hold no communion with God. But we do not so often think of the thousands of profess ing Christians who have left un tasted the joy of real Bible reading

The Bible student has celestia food for his soul, a well of pur water to quench his thirst and th garments of praise for the spirit o heaviness. He is wiser than hi fellows, and from the day whe the first chapter of Genesis wa written he has always been ahea of science. He is the true patrio the true internationalist.

"The impregnable rock of Hol Scripture" was Gladstone's phrase The Bible is still and ever will b the "impregnable Rock." To a Irish crowd a preacher referre frequently to the Bible as a rock A politically minded listener inter rupted him with the demand "We've heard enough about th rock; tell us something about th shamrock." "I will," instantl replied the preacher. "There ar many human philosophies of life but" — holding the Bible hig above his head—"this is th divine philosophy, the true rock all these others are sham rocks."

World Dominion, 1948.

The Place and Power of Faith in the World To-day

Address given by Dr. Cochrane as Chairman of the opening meeting of the Sixty-sixth Mildmay Conference held in April, 1938

FAITH is that which stands upon something which, without faith, could bear no weight. It was faith that enabled Peter to walk upon the water, and when his faith failed the water yielded to his weight. One of our favourite hymns is: "Standing on the Promises of Christ My King . . . Standing on the Promises of God." Faith rests upon the intangible which, however, is paradoxically more tangible and solid than the everlasting hills. A promise of God, the Word of God, the "Let there be . . . and there was," is the greatest of all mysteries. It is the immaterial creative force by which all material things have come into existence. It brought the universe into being. It turned water into wine. It multiplied the loaves and fishes. It made you and me and can, through us, move mountains and cast them into the sea.

The place of faith is the first place. Without faith it is impossible to please God. The power of faith is limitless. This limitless power was never more needed than in the world to-day.

There are individuals whose names immediately occur to us as those who, perhaps unwittingly, are serving the devil's purposes and are influencing the whole world. Has God, whose power is greater than the devil's, any servants who, in the faith of which the eleventh chapter of Hebrews speaks, will influence the world for good? Such faith is only possible to those who are utterly surrendered and, therefore, willing to sacrifice everything, even life itself.

We have many examples of this abandon to ideals far below the Christian ideal: the ideals, for example, of a narrow nationalism. It has been told (I do not know whether the story is true or not, but it is an illustration of utter devotion) that a Japanese ambassador to Russia purposely disgraced himself. The Russians promised that if he returned to Japan and kept them informed of Japan's plans they would not divulge his disgrace. He returned to Japan and sent meticulous details of Japan's plans to Russia. The Russians doubted his veracity, but, to hoodwink them, he asked his Government to execute him for treachery: they did. His father, in order further to confirm the impression made upon Russia, committed suicide over his son's disgrace. Russia thus believed the plans to be genuine and disposed their forces in the Russo-Japanese War accordingly, only to find two Japanese regiments against their one at the places which the plans indicated as undefended. The result of the war changed the course of history.

The call to-day is for the exercise of an all-powerful faith by an increasing number of men and women. It is for that reason that we have been having frequently a night of prayer.

It is said that when Allenby came to Jerusalem in the Great

War, being unwilling to damage the city, he cabled to King George for his advice. The advice came back: "Call a meeting for prayer," and while they prayed the keys of the city were handed to him. Prayer truly changes things.

We want to see a great world-girdling night of prayer about the present world situation, and a preparatory heart-searching by all who take part: and there could be no better preparation than for each prayer-partner to make the fifty-first Psalm an utterly real prayer to God.

As a boy I was greatly influenced by a godly minister in a Scottish church and I have never forgotte some of his teaching. When h preached he always had a word fo both saint and sinner. For the sain his word was usually a test and i my opinion the acid test to appl to our spiritual condition is th extent to which fruitfulness result from the witness of life and lip. T how many people have we wit nessed during the last few months and have we won any to Christ?

The place and power of fait will be displayed in and through u in direct proportion to the qualit of our spiritual life.

World Dominion, July, 1938.

The Basic Principle of Medical Mission

THERE are so many insistent demands made upon the medical missionary—demands to establish hospitals and dispensaries, to visit patients in their homes, to itinerate in the surrounding country, to train assistants and nurses, to found colleges and engage in medical education, to give public lectures, to translate medical literature—that the scope presented to him seems limitless. Is there a guiding principle which he can adopt so that he may not be confused by the outlook?

Yes, there *is* such a principle. The aim of the *missionary* is to bring into vital contact with Jesus Christ men and women who shall form living Christian churches, which shall multiply until the Christian witness has been carried into every corner of the land and into every activity of life; and the aim of the *medical* missionary is, or should be, to use his knowledge and his skill to this same end. He will not allow his activities t obscure his objective and he wi choose that form of activity, o those forms of activities, which wi be most profitable to his suprem purpose. When Jesus Christ sai to the sick man, "Thy sins be fo given thee," He was laying the tru foundation for complete well-being physical as well as spiritual. Nothin can be done for any country a great or as pregnant with ever good as the planting and the multi plying of living Christian churche which will carry the message of thi well-being everywhere.

But, it may be said, medical wor is then a mere camouflage, hidin or disguising a religious propa ganda. Not so; there is no desir to hide or to disguise the suprem motive. The desire is to exhibit i The concern for the body is genuin and sincere; so much so that th medical missionary will seek to hel with utter abandon and withou conditions just as if the healing o

the body were an end in itself. But the soul is more precious than the body, and the concern for the soul is the supreme concern.

Dr. Tilsley, of the Belgian Congo, writing about a native prayer meeting, says: " One day of the Prayer Week they set apart, as they always in every week set apart one day, to pray for the work of healing. One man, illiterate he is, but on fire for souls, poured himself out in petition. Indignation and beseechment mingled in his earnest voice as he cried forth this prayer: ' Thou judge, Thou mountain-maker, it's thieving. It's thieving, that's what it is. Thieving from Thee. They come here to the doctor, some of them, to take drugs at Thy hand, with never a thought for anything but their bodies. Do they ever listen to the Word that is preached to them day by day? They are healed. They go away. They harden their hearts. Lord, save their souls—their souls, Lord; for what else is the doctor here? If he cares for their miserable about-to-die bodies, how much more for their eternal souls? ' "

But here a question may be raised. What, it may be asked, about medical efficiency? Well, the medical missionary should be as efficient as he can be, of course; he should do his very best for each patient, less would not be worthy of the Master. But he will be, or ought to be, controlled by considerations which are not present to the minds of those who are merely medicals and not missionaries.

Believing that Christianity will produce as its natural fruit every form of healing and benevolent work, the medical missionary will feel that the greatest service he can render in a non-Christian country is to spread Christianity, and that medical work is justified to the extent to which it contributes to this great object.

Further, I believe we should be devoting much more time and thought to the creation of an atmosphere of spiritual power in hospital and dispensary. I have known of work where the cultivation of the prayer life of a Christian staff has yielded great physical as well as spiritual results. Also we should be so keen that the Church should increase through the work of medical evangelism that from the very start we should seek to have native Christians identified with the work of healing. Medical work would then become not so much a Christian charity of the foreign mission as an indigenous manifestation of the Christian spirit of love and sympathy and service, and would therefore be infinitely more powerful.

As I see the situation to-day medical mission work is becoming more merely medical and less missionary. The hour has struck for reconsideration, for an examination of tendencies, for a definition of objective. The task of the Christian Church is the evangelization of the world, and every ounce of strength is needed for its realization.

Extract from article in *World Dominion*, October, 1928.

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A Man Who Thought in World Terms

An Appreciation of S. J. W. Clark

THE man who can bring smiles and laughter is a good gift of God. The *Happy Christian* is the title of a tract which calls attention to what should be a normal experience. Sidney James Wells Clark was a happy Christian.

In the early years of this century he visited me in the city of Peking. Missions were then just recovering from the devastation of the Boxer troubles and I was deeply immersed in the engrossing task of laying the foundations of the Peking Union Medical College, which has since become one of the great medical institutions of the world. Little did I think that the genial man who shook hands with me, and who was to me then but a casual visitor, was to be my dearest friend, and that we were to be partners in the work of world survey, in the study of missionary principles and in the promotion of world evangelization.

When he called in Peking we invited him to dinner and asked a few friends to meet him. It was a cheerful dinner party. He had an inexhaustible fund of stories and conundrums. He was a splendid story-teller, and told the funniest stories with preternatural solemnity. I well remember his looking across the able and, with a semblance of great seriousness, asking someone whether it were permissible in China for a man to marry his widow's niece! The person addressed was either dense or preoccupied, for he replied that he did not really know, that it was an interesting point and that he would find out! But beneath the surface that rippled in sunshine, Clark's intimate friends knew that there were profound depths of love and loyalty and wisdom and concern for the glory of his Lord and the extension of His Kingdom.

Sidney Clark was apprenticed in a hard school. Not long before the illness which ended his career he went into a shop in Camberwell and, knocking upon the counter, he said to the man behind it, "Is this counter hard?" The man, looking at the solemn face of his visitor, thought that he was dealing with a harmless lunatic, whereupon Clark smilingly said, "My dear Sir, I know it is, for I slept upon it many years ago when I started work here."

When Clark first met me in the midst of my medical missionary work in Peking, he introduced himself as a "business doctor," and later I was able to appreciate the aptness of the title. Many in business difficulties blessed him for his advice, and the business in which he himself was engaged grew to such proportions that he finally declared that money making was too easy a job, and that was why he sought a harder one among the mission fields of the world!

Sidney Clark always thought in world terms. He tried to envisage the whole, and when he studied a part, it was in its relation to the whole. His world vision was the basis of all his thinking. He held that the work of the Christian Church was to evangelize the world. He held that special or partial surveys must be made, with the world task as a background,

otherwise lack of balance would result and undue attention would be given to parts. One of his favourite sayings was, "See that everyone has had bread before anyone has cake." He abhorred duplication and overlapping, and hoped that world survey would prevent this, would reveal the immensity of the task, and would show how vitally necessary it was to plant indigenous churches to carry on the work which the small foreign missionary force could only begin.

Clark then stood for three things: (1) World Survey, which would be a guide to the disposition of the forces; (2) Widespread Evangelism, so that all might hear the Gospel; (3) The creation of Indigenous Churches for the completion of the task. He fought against the "stationary complex," which the building of mission stations is apt to foster. His advice to young missionaries—in a verbal exaggeration which was intended to impress—was, "Don't unpack your bag!" "The missionary force should be a mobile one," was a favourite dictum with him, and was he not right? He used to say, "A mission-station with its institutions tends to become like a prison courtyard."

Clark met hundreds of missionaries, and everywhere sowed the seed of the principles which he advocated. Everywhere he made friends, except when he criticized some of the methods adopted by missionary societies, in which case the attitude was, quite naturally, a defensive one. "Who is this business man who is trying to teach us our job?" was the kind of reception which was very often accorded to his articles and papers. One missionary secretary said to me, "When I get any of Clark's stuff it goes straight into the waste-paper basket!" One of the outstanding exceptions to this was the London Missionary Society. True it is that even in this Society, especially at first, there were Board members and others who were not prepared to accept the radical attitude of a man who had not had the conventional outlook and experience of committees and boards. But even in such cases opposition died down. Quiet conferences with its secretaries were welcomed, and he was invited to join its councils. These invitations he always refused, because he felt that he had never had a training in committee work.

At that time I was a member of the London Missionary Society's staff; I was Clark's intimate friend; as Advisory Council Secretary of the London Missionary Society I travelled much with him, and I claim that I knew his mind better than anyone else. His love for, and his loyalty to this Society remained to the end, and his confidence was shown by the fact that, before his death, he settled upon the Society a sum of £1,200 a year for twelve years, to be devoted to the "Clark Bands": mobile groups of Chinese, formed to evangelize and to help in planting indigenous churches, self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating from their inception. No society loves to honour Clark's memory more than the London Missionary Society, and two of the most outstanding practising advocates of New Testament principles were London Missionary Society missionaries: McGowan of China, who founded indigenous churches

before Allen wrote or Clark travelled, and Gale of Madagascar. These two men must be included in the roll of justly famous missionaries. I say this in order to correct an impression which *S. J. W. Clark: A Vision of Missions,** may possibly convey by its frequent references to the London Missionary Society, with which Clark's association was closer than with any other.

Clark travelled in many mission fields, but amidst the most trying circumstances his sense of humour never left him. I travelled with him and stayed in the uncomfortable little inns in China, where, as he said, you could get bed and breakfast for twopence but it wasn't worth it! He had for a time a very gaudy Chinese bedquilt, with a huge chrysanthemum pattern. "If robbers come," said he, "I'll wrap myself round in this quilt, stand on one leg, and make them believe it's a chrysanthemum show." In India he was invited to go out shooting. "Thanks," he said, "but I have no arms, and should have to use my legs." He travelled across Africa in the footsteps of Livingstone, and with no knowledge of any language but his own. "When I wanted eggs," he said, "I clucked like a hen and if that didn't succeed I crowed like a cock!" He advised people not to attempt to learn a foreign language! "When I want to speak," he said, "I use the English language, and if I don't seem to be understood I just speak in a louder tone of voice, and that always brings me what I want!"

A brief sketch of one of Clark's bits of work will epitomize the practice of his principles. He went to a mission-station in China. The missionaries, as missionaries naturally do, showed him over the station—houses, schools, hospital and church. When he had seen all these he asked a question which no other visitor had ever asked, "What about the unfinished task? There are some millions of people in the district for which you are nominally 'responsible.' Can you reach them by your present methods?"

These methods were the usual conventional "station" ones, in a head-station and some out-stations. If funds from England increased another out-station would be opened, and a paid preacher placed in it. Clark arranged with the missionaries to travel through the district in order to survey the extent of the task, and for two solid months he tramped among villages and market towns. At the end of these hard and trying journeys he sat down with the missionaries who, with him, had caught a vision of the immensity of the task, and said, "I was in a big business and we opened branch after branch in various parts of the country, but if every new branch had been dependent upon our first shop we should soon have been in the bankruptcy court." Together they then studied the principles embodied in Roland Allen's *Missionary Methods: St. Paul's or*

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* *S. J. W. Clark: A Vision of Missions,* by Roland Allen, World Dominion Press. This is not a life of Clark in the ordinary sense, but an able and illuminating description of the development of Clark's missionary thinking by one to whom he owed much, and who knew and loved him and admired him.

DR. KAGAWA AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Addressing a World Sunday School Conference, Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, the famous Japanese evangelist and social worker, said: "The Sunday School through religious education is a wonderful method of evangelization, well systematized to convey the Word of God to children and young people. Boys and girls can easily be led to God and to Christ through Sunday School teaching."

Throughout the world this remains true. If the Christian Churches devoted more of their resources, manpower and energy to Sunday School work the result might well be incalculable.

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*Ours?** and decided to call in the Chinese preachers and form what were afterwards known as "Clark Bands," to engage in widespread evangelism, with a view to the formation of indigenous churches which would be able to evangelize their own surrounding territory. Only thus can we hope to evangelize the world. This model in miniature of world evangelization, of reaching every creature, has had a widespread influence.

But Clark's interests were not confined to the foreign mission field. He realized that lands now called Christian might become pagan. He was intensely interested in home evangelization, as anyone would be, who thinks in world terms, and perceived its relation to the overseas missionary enterprise. He commenced a survey of London which he was never able to finish, but during the time he was engaged on it he covered hundreds of miles, tramping the streets of London.

When Clark fell ill, with what proved to be his last illness, our years of friendship ripened into an intimacy that burdened me with a great sense of responsibility. His illness was a long one, and during it I had occasion to go to America. When I returned he was much weaker than when I left; but he met me in a bath-chair at a station a mile from his home. His attendant wheeled him back and I walked beside the chair. All the way he held my hand and conveyed to me the indelible and unforgettable impression that he looked to me to implement all that he stood for and all that he hoped to see.

The World Dominion Movement, which stands for the three principles to which reference has already been made (i.e., World Survey; Widespread Evangelism; creation of indigenous Churches) took its name from the magazine *World Dominion,* which I started in January, 1923, to take the place of an "Occasional Paper" which I had edited for several years. This Movement took definite shape and expanded with the issue of the magazine and the creation of the Trust into which Clark put all that he possessed. In 1930 I formed the Mildmay Movement to supplement the World Dominion Movement.

Clark was one of the most loyal men that I have ever known. He embodied all the qualities contained in the wonderful word "friend" in the fullest sense. He loved his Lord supremely and the passion of his life was to see His Kingdom extended "from sea to sea." To this end he worked laboriously and incessantly and shortened his life. His memory is revered by men and women in many parts of the world. He set in motion something that is a permanent and indispensable contribution to world evangelization. His name deserves to be ranked with the great men of the Christian Church.

World Dominion, 1938.

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* *Missionary Methods: St. Paul's or Ours?* By Roland Allen. Published by the World Dominion Press. Price 6s.

'SERVANTS OF ALL'...

SUCH was the uncompromising description of The Salvation Army given by its own founder, William Booth. The designation sums up the purpose and inspiration which is basic to the service of Salvationists in all parts of the world.

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WHERE THERE'S NEED—THERE'S

The Salvation Army

Farewell

This article, by our late colleague, contains a message which brings to a fitting close this memorial number to Dr. Cochrane

It is Expedient for You that I Go Away

GEORGE CARSTAIRS, D.D.

Many of the sayings of Jesus vere hard for His disciples to nderstand, but few can have been iarder than this. Every reference o His death left them dismayed nd bewildered. He was a young nan with His life before Him: vhy this talk about dying? And iow actually to be told that His oing would be for their *advantage, expedient"* for them—it was tterly unintelligible.

For three wonderful years they iad kept company with Jesus. He iad come to mean more to them han all the rest of life put together. Every day they were learning from Iim. Every day He was opening p new visions to them, new wonlers of the Spirit. The treasures of Iis mind seemed inexhaustible: nd they, slow learners as they vere, had comprehended as yet so ttle of it. They dreamed, perhaps, f a long life lived in constant felowship with that great Master, earning ever more and more from Iis lips.

And then, how they had come to ean upon Him. They were always naking mistakes and needing corection—quarrelling among themelves about rank and precedence, vishing to call down fire on a hosle village, being impatient with ttle children. They constantly eeded His rebuke and guidance. Vithout Him, too, they were timid nd weak. It was His presence nat gave them courage and trength to face men. It was in His resence alone that they felt the new life of high ideals and high moral purity to be possible. To lose Him would be to lose all. And so great was their love for Him, so great a thing had this wonderful intimate friendship become in their lives, that the loss of Him was a thought too terrible to be borne. Bereaved of Him, they would be left desolate; the joy of life turned to ashes in their mouth, and the light of hope quenched for ever.

And yet here was Jesus saying to them: "It is expedient for you that I go away."

What did He mean? In what way could it be expedient for the disciples to lose their Master?

Without pretending to fathom the whole mystery of such a saying there are one or two things which I wish to suggest as likely to have been in Jesus' mind.

(1) The personality of Jesus was an overwhelming one. He completely overshadowed His followers. We sometimes say contemptuously of a man who comes completely under the influence of another, "He has no will of his own left." There is a sense in which we wish to give up our wills to Christ, but there is also a sense in which losing our wills is losing our individuality. But as Jesus refused to use physical force to gain men's homage, so He did not wish to do violence to men's wills, to compel them by the power of His own personal magnetism.

Nothing is more amazing in our religion than the delicate respect

and, shall I say, courtesy which God shows towards human personality and its independence. He would win us as *friends*, as His loving children, not as slaves. He would draw us only with the cords of love; woo us, not compel us. In Christ's physical presence there was a kind of compulsion for those who came under His spell. His very strength made His followers trust in Him as children trust. He was "a shelter from the wind and a covert from the tempest," but the shelter and the covert were things outside of them, things which, if removed, would leave them naked and defenceless. Jesus wished that their strength and their protection should be things within their own souls, that no man could remove and that the world could not disturb. Later in the sixteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, He speaks in the same verse of "peace" and "tribulation": "These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Peace in His presence they knew; but the peace that dwells only in the inner soul, and which may exist in the midst even of outward tribulation, was not yet theirs.

He is a foolish parent who seeks to keep his son too long under his immediate care and guardianship. He may fail and the son break violently free to his own ruin; or he may succeed and the son remain a dependent weakling, leaning on others all his days. It is probable that if Jesus had remained twenty years longer with His disciples, great as the joy of that fellowship would have been to them, at the end they would have been less, not more, fit to carry on His mission in the world than they came to be in His absence. For this reason it was "expedient" for them that He should go.

(2) There is another way in which from our experience we can understand how Jesus' "going away" would prove a gain. (And perhaps what I say here may prove a word of help and comfort to any who are smarting under a sense of personal loss.) Any one who has been compelled to live for long intervals far apart from those who are nearest and dearest to his heart knows that the pain of separation is not without its compensation. However sincere our love, living day by day in close contact with one we love, our thoughts of him or her are apt to become too much bound up with trifling, unessential, outward things—it may be tricks of speech, expressions of the face, little mannerisms. These may all be dear to us because they belong to the loved one, but they also tend in some measure to blind us to the beauty of soul, of mind and spirit, that is of the essence.

It is no exaggeration to say that in absence we sometimes get to know our friend, our wife, our husband, better than when living constantly side by side. It is not merely that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," brings the ache and the longing for the sight of the eye and the touch of the hand. It is something much more than that. Unblinded by the things of sense, we see with clearer eye and deeper understanding.

I have long cherished a sentence or two written to me by my old professor of English Literature when my closest friend died in early manhood. He told me he, too, had lost his greatest friend in youth, and went on, "I should like to tell

you that I found Tennyson's experience true. When time had softened the sense of loss I found that my friend, in a new way, was with me as much as ever: what he would think and say, and how he would feel, about everything, was as present with me almost as if it came in a letter signed by him. And so it has always been, more fully or less fully according to my own state, the degree of my own energy of memory and affection. So that I could almost say I have only lost him through my own weakness, not through his death."

It is possible to lose Christ, but if we do it will not be because He died. "Lo, I am with you alway," said Christ; and His disciples soon found it to be true. He was with them in a way He had never been before. He entered the very heart and soul of them, and, when they once realized this new fellowship, it made heroes of them such as they had never been even in His living presence. Personally, I never quite know how to distinguish the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, from Christ Himself. Whatever the mystery of the Trinity, it is one God, not three, that we worship, the God who reigns in heaven, the God who was in Jesus Christ in all fullness, the God who is near to us, nearer than hands or feet.

It was "expedient" for the disciples that Christ should go away that they might experience this deeper fellowship. It was *gain* to know Him no more after the flesh, but after the Spirit. They knew better, saw more clearly, than they had ever done before what He really was. It is significant that no authentic portrait or description of the human form of Jesus has come down to us. We do not know whether He was tall or short, dark or fair. It is not the human Jesus but the spiritual Christ who, dwelling in the hearts of His followers, has won the world.

(3) And yet it was a real separation, just as the death of those we love brings a real separation. There is something in the quick give and take of question and answer, in the glance of the eye and the touch of the hand, that is lost in the fondest memory or even in the keenest sense of spiritual presence. I spoke of the clearer vision and appreciation we gain of those we love when long absent from them. But that new knowledge would be a futile and a *bitter* thing, a thing of regrets only, did we not know that we would meet again. Its value for us lies in the fact that it makes us vow within ourselves that when we do meet our love and our mutual fellowship will be higher and nobler than they have ever been, will be raised to the higher plane of the new knowledge and insight we have gained in absence.

And so, too, is it with Christ. The disciples knew Him as they never had before; they felt Him with them in a new and wonderful way, but it only made them long for the day when they could meet Him face to face and show Him how greatly their love had grown. "To depart and be with Christ" was the great, glad goal they saw before them. It is not possible for us to picture to ourselves what the future life will hold, but one thing is certain. It holds for us the prospect of the living presence of the Lord, as real as when He walked with His disciples on the earth, but on a higher plane. And the means of intercourse with Him will no longer be limited, as they were between the man Jesus and His

disciples, to the crude symbols that men use—the spoken word, the look, the gesture. Nor will it be so one-sided as it is in the years of our separation: He knowing us through and through, we only in the memory and the dim gropings of our spirit after the Spirit we feel to be about us. Then, in some spiritual way we cannot understand, we shall see Him face to face, and shall *know* even as we are known.

"It is expedient for you that I go away," said Christ. Yes—for a time. He also said, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also."

I feel sure that in that glad reunion, that consummation of our life's whole course, there will be included a renewal of our fellowship with those whom we have loved and lost, in a union made richer and closer far by all that we have learned in the years of separation, and that it will mean seeing Jesus more clearly *than He was ever* seen by His disciples.

Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

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49 Romney Street :: London, S.W.1

Printed in Great Britain by The Marshall Press Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published by The World Dominion Press. Trade Agents: Marshall, Morgan & Scott, Ltd., 33, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.
Entered as second class matter, December 6, 1929 at the Post Office of New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879 (Section 397, P.L. and R.).